

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN
EIGHT VOLUMES



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

KING HENRY VIII

CORIOLANUS

JULIUS CAESAR

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BADDWIN.

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Noonan,
R. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vestor,
G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
H. A. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun.
S. Hayes, R. Paulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and
Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards,
Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Jackington, and E. Newbery.

M DCC XC.

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CONTAINING

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JULIUS CÆSAR.
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For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
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G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin,
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HTA 1733 SMT EMPLOY

DECLASSIFICATION



ARTYON YKOTZA

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Persons Respected

KING HENRY VIII.

Persons Represented.

King Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln. Lord Abergavenny. Lord Sands,

Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Serjeant at arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Catharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced:

Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman to Queen Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat¹, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is², beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,

¹ — or to see a fellow

In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time ; and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

So, Nash, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1596 : “ —fooles, ye know, alwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in long coats.” STEEVENS.

² — such a show

As fool and fight is,—] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus babituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shewn in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

(To make that only true we now intend³.)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore

³ — *the opinion that we bring,*

(*To make that only true we now intend,*) These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:

—*tb' opinion, that we bring*

Or make; *that only truth we now intend.* JOHNSON.

To intend in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to pretend. So, in the preceding play—

“*Intend some deep suspicion.*” STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words and reading—

That *only true to make we now intend:*

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only what is true.

This passage, and others of this Prologue in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth, is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton.* p. 425.] under the description of a “*a new play, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called All is True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.*” The extraordinary circumstances of *pomp and majesty*, with which, sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the cardinal Wolsey's house*, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “the burning of *the Globe* or playhouse, on the *Bank-side*, on St. Peter's-day [1613,] which, (says he) fell out by a peale of chambers, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play.” B. Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth*.

In a MS. letter of Thomas Lorkin to sir Thomas Puckering, dated London, this last of June, 1613, the same fact is thus related. “No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd &c. MS. Harl. 17002.

TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV. character*.—To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue,) could

never

P R O L O G U E.

5

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we could make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

never have fallen from the modest Shakspeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play. in 1613. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer²
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
'Those suns of glory'³, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

¹ This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Catharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Catharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story"; but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

² — *a fresh admirer*] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

³ *Those suns of glory.*] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—'Those *sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

8 KING HENRY VIII.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde;
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together⁴;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself⁵. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's⁶: To-day, the French,
All clinquant⁷, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night

⁴ — as *they grow together*;] That is, *as if they grew together*. See Vol. IV. p. 358, n. * We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ — a sweet embrace;

“ Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.” MALONE.

⁵ *Till this time, pomp was single; but now marry'd*

To one above itself.] The author only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before*. Pomp is married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Each following day*

Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet*. Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shews. JOHNSON.

⁷ *All clinquant,*] All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Fuego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before king James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palgrave and princess Elizabeth:

“ — his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire.” STEEVENS.

Made

KING HENRY VIII.

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise⁸: and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in censure⁹. When these suns
(For so they phraze them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit;
That Bevis was believ'd¹.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing²
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal³;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function⁴.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs

⁸ — *him in eye,*

Still him in praise:] So, Dryden:

" — *Two chiefs*

" *So match'd, as each seem'd worst when alone.*" JOHNSON.

⁹ *Durst wag his tongue in censure.]* Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

See Vol. I. p. 113, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ *Tbat Bevis was believ'd.]* The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

² — *the tract of every thing, &c.]* The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

³ — *All was royal; &c.]* This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ — *the office did*

Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON.

Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element⁵
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger, What had he
To do in these fierce vanities⁶? I wonder,
That such a keech⁷ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, fir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web⁸, he gives us note⁹,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys

⁵ — *element*—] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *fierce vanities*?] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier*, for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartolomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

Again, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy violent vanities can never last."

In *Timon of Athens* we have—

"O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!" MALONE.

⁷ *That such a keech*—] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolfey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the second part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Out of his self-drawing web*,—] Thus it stands in the first edition. The later editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:

Out of his self-drawn web. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *he gives us note*,] Old Copy—*O gives us*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

A place

A place next to the king¹.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file²
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out³,
Must fetch him in he papers⁴.

Aber. I do know

Kinmen of mine, three at the least, that have

¹ *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys*

A place next to the king.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him

A place next to the king. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote—*gives to him*, which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits for him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place*, &c. STEEVENS.

² — *the file*] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

³ — *council out*,] It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council*. "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile*." MALONE.

⁴ *Must fetch him in he papers*.] *He papers*,—a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, tom. 13, &c, STEEVENS.

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey⁵. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue⁶?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was⁷

A thing

⁵ *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*

For this great journey,] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of king Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"*Pryde.* I am unhappy, I fe it well,—

"*For the expence of myne apparell*

"*Towardys this wyage,*

"*What in horses and other aray,*

"*Hath compelled me for to lay*

"*All my land to mortgage.*" STEEVENS

So, in *King John*:

"*Rash inconsiderate firy voluntaries,*

"*Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,*

"*Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,*

"*To make a hazard of new fortunes here.*"

We meet with a similar expression in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

"*While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,*

"*He wears a lord's revenue on his back.*"

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: "There was a nobleman merri-ly conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a manor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man that beare an hundred houses on my backe.?" MALONE.

See also Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V. p. 26; Vol. XII. p. 395. REED.

⁶ — *What did this vanity—*

But minister ? &c.] What effect had this pompous shew but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Every man,*

After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed:
"Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred
shortly

A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboated
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd⁸?

Nor. Maſſy, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace⁹; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock¹,
That I advise your shunning.

shortly after to follow between princes."—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from *Hall*, whom he calls Shakspeare's author; but *Holinshed*, and not *Hall*, was his author; as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found so combined in *Hall's Chronicle*. This fact is indeed proved by various circumstances. See Vol. V. p. 459, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ *The ambassador is silenc'd?*] The French ambassador residing in England, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *A proper title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *comes that rock,*] To make the rock come is not very just. JOHNS.

Enter

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha? Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur² is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best Not wake him in his slumber: A beggar's book Out-worths a noble's blood³.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only, Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks Matter against me; and his eye revil'd Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick⁴: He's gone to the king; I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question

² — *butcher's cur* —] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher [of Ipswich]. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the duke of Buckingham was reported to the emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,

"Wold wirry them like an hog." STEEVENS.

³ — *A beggar's book*

Out-worths a noble blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the antient, unletter'd, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

⁴ *He bores me with some trick:*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir." STEEVENS.
What

What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse⁵, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour⁶ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
'There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot⁷
That it do singe yourself : We may out-run,
By violent swiftnefs, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
'The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd ;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions⁸,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when

⁵ — *Anger is like*

A full hot horse, &c.] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece

“ Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.” MALONE.

So, Massinger, in the *Unnatural Combat* :

“ Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,

“ ‘Twill quickly tire itself.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *from a mouth of honour—*] I will crush this baseborn fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinctions of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Heat not a furnace, &c.]* Might not Shakspeare allude to Dan. iii. 12 ? “ Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego.” STEEVENS.

⁸ — *sincere motions,*] Honest indignation ; warmth of integrity. Perhaps name not, should be blame not. JOHNSON.

We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous⁹,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another¹, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master²
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
'That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal³
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
'To the old dām, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
'To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

⁹ —for he is equal ravenous,] *Equal* for *equally*. Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *K. John*, Vol. IV. p. 565, n. 6.

MALONE.

¹ —his mind and place

Infecting one another,—] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

² —suggests the king our master—] *suggests*, for *excites*. WARB.

³ —our count-cardinal—] Wolsey is afterwards called *king-cardinal*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court-cardinal*.

MALONE.

Peep'd

Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily³
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't⁴.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at arms before him, and two
 or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry⁵
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

³ — he *privily*—] *He*, which is not in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. •MALONE.

⁴ — *be were*

Something mistaken in't.] That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be. MALONE.

⁵ *I am sorry*

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

The business present:] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[to Aber,

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court⁶,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor⁷,

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins⁸?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already⁹;
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;

Whose

⁶ *John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

⁷ *One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,*] Old Copy—*counsellor*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I believe the author wrote—*And Gilbert, &c.* MALONE.

Our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction:

At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,

Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor. THEOBALD.

Holinshed calls this person, "Gilbert Perke priest, the duke's chancellor." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Nicholas Hopkins*?] The old copy has *Michael Hopkins*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the chronicle: "Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the Ms. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

⁹ — *my life is spann'd already*:] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the band*; to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun¹.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*
SCENE

ing, therefore, may either be, that *bold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies*; or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined*. JOHNSON.

¹ *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

By dark'ning my clear sun.] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity or importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by this cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place,

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

"O, how this spring of love resembelth

"The uncertain glory of an April day,

"Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,

"And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

"— now thy captain is

"Even such a body: here I am Antony,

"But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or yet more appositely in *King John*:

"— being but the shadow of your son,

"Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Such another thought appears in *The famous Hist. of Tbo. Stukely*, 1605:

"He is the substance of my shadowed love."

We might, however, read—*pouts on*; i. e. look gloomily upon. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. i.

"— then,

"We *pout* upon the morning, are unapt

"To give, or to forgive."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii.

"Thou *pout'st* upon thy fortune and thy love." STEEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy successe,—turned her
C 2 wheel,

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it²,
Thanks you for this great care: I flood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy³, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the king's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the
wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie
cloudes of mishap and misery."

Mr. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

² — *and the best heart of it,*] Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

³ — *flood i' the level*

Of a full-charg'd confederacy,] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 117th Sonnet:

"Bring me within the *level* of your frown,

"But shoot not at me," &c.

See also Vol. IV. p. 160, n. 4; and p. 175, n. 7. MALONE.

Queen,

Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Cath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is giv'n;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Cath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Cath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions⁴, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing⁵, have put off

The

⁴ — as putter-on

Of these exactions,] The instigator of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and incited him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth*:

—The powers above
"Put on their instruments."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause." MALONE.

⁵ The many to them 'longing,—] The many is the many, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them⁶.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file⁷
Where others tell steps with me.

Cath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame⁸
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer

Too

"*The kings before their many rode.*" JOHNSON.

I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*. Thus *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

"—the mutable rank-scented *many*." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And Danger serves among them.*] *Danger* is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARE.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessione Amantis*; the third in his *Bouge of Court*:

"With that, anone out start *danger*."

and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.

⁷ *—front but in that file.—*] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stepped in the same line with them. MASON.

⁸ *You know no more than others: &c.*] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. MASON.

'Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Cath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will⁹. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business¹.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,

⁹ *That tractable obedience is a slave*

To each incensed will.] The meaning, I think, is, Things are
now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate
in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

¹ *There is no primer business.*] In the old edition:

There is no primer business.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which,
she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But
she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of
it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it
the highest *business*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend
the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing.
I read therefore:

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch. WARB.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would
read:

—no primer business:

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No
primer business is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. So, in
Othello:

"Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies. STEEVENS.

I have no further gone in this, than by
 A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not flint²
 Our necessary actions, in the the fear
 To cope³ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones⁴, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd⁵; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality⁶, is cry'd up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent

² *We must not flint*—] To *flint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on the first act of *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

³ *To cope*—] To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

⁴ — once weak ones,] *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers. So, in the 13th *Idea* of Drayton:

“ This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—“ I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.” Again in *Leicester's Commonwealth*: “—if God should take from us her most excellent majesty, (as *once* he will,) and so leave us destitute.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — or not allow'd;] Not approved. See Vol. I. p. 239, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ — *vbat worst*, as oft,

Hitting a grosser quality,—] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark⁷, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement⁸
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Cath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd⁹, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself¹. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove

⁷ — lop, bark, —] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*.

WARBURTON.

⁸ *That, through our intercession, &c.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 892:
“The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons,
purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and
caused it to be bruted abroad, that *through his intercession* the king had
pardoned and released all things.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *The gentleman is learn'd, &c.*] It appears from “The Prologue of
the translatour,” that the *Knyght of the Swanne*, a French romance,
was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*,
the printer, adds, “this present history compyled, named *Helyas the*
Knight of the Swanne, of whom linially is descended my said lord.” The
duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has
no date. STEEVENS.

¹ — out of himself.—] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNS.
Not

Not well dispos'd², the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell³. Sit by us; you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, That if the king
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it * so
 To make the scepter his: These very words
 I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point⁴.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Cath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

² — noble benefits—

Not well dispos'd,—] Great gifts of nature and education, not
 joined with good dispositions. JOHNSON.

³ — is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell.] So, in *Othello*:

“ — Her name, that was as fresh

“ As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black

“ As mine own face.” STEEVENS.

* —he'd carry it—] Old Copy—*be*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of
 this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

King.

King. Speak on:

How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins⁵.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose*, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal⁶
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but*

⁵ — *Nicholas Hopkins.*—] The old copy has here and in the next line—*Nicholas Henton*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The mistake was probably Shakspeare's own, and he might have been led into it by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 18, n. 8.) not to the monastery, but to the monk. MALONE.

* — *at the Rose, &c.*] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Taylors' company, and is now the Merchant Taylors' school in Suffolk lane. WHALLEY.

⁶ — *under the confession's seal*—] The old copy reads—the *commission's* seal. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, and supports it by the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "The duke in talk told the monk, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." *Holinshed*, p. 863. MALONE.

*To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king nor his heirs;
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty⁷; the duke
Shall govern England.*

2. Cath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him *

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank⁸? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke

⁷ *To gain the love of the commonalty;*] For the insertion of the word *gain*, I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty of England."

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

* —for him—] Old Copy—for *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ —so rank? —] Rank weeds, are weeds that are grown up to great height and strength. *What, says the king, was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

About fir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant⁹,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. God mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain¹, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men

⁹ — *Being my sworn servant, &c.*] Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

¹ — *Lord Chamberlain,*] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king,

Men into such strange mysteries²?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face³; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,

That never saw them⁴ pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them⁵.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too⁶,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

king in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

² *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle*

Men into such strange mysteries?] *Mysteries* were allegorical shews, which the *munimers* of those times exhibited in odd and fantastic habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishman were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *munimers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

³ *A fit or two o' the face;—*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:

“—learnt new tongues—

“To vary his face as seamen to their compass.” STEEVENS,

⁴ *That never saw them—*] Old Copy—*see 'em*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *A springhalt reign'd among them.*] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. So, in *Muleasses the Turk*, 1610: “—by reason of a general *spring-balt* and debility in their hams.” Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartbolomew-Fair*:

“Poor scul, she has had a *stringbalt*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A springhalt*, read—*And springhalt*. MALONE.

⁶ *--- cut too,*] Old Copy—*cut to't*. Corrected in the fourth folio.

MALONE.

Enter

KING HENRY VIII.

31

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monfieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather⁷, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches⁸, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away⁹
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

⁷ — leave those remnants

[Of fool and feather,] This does not allude to the feathers anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried fans of feathers in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by wearing plumes of feathers in our hands, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind, &c." Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a fan. STEEVENS.

⁸ — blister'd breeches,] Thus the old copy, i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like blisters. The modern editors read—bolster'd breeches, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

⁹ — wear away—] Old copy—*wee* away. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Sands.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyfick, their diseases
Are grown fo catching.

Cham. What a los our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords ; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them ! I am glad, they're going ;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them ;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands ;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's ;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dewes fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal ; in him,
Sparing would shew a worfe sin than ill doctrine ;
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays¹ ;

¹ *My barge stays ;—*] The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to *York-place*, (*Cardinal Wolsey's house*), now *Whitehall*. MALONE.

Your lordship shall along:—Come, good fir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with fir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, Anne
Bullen, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as guests; at another door, enter Sir Henry GUILFORD.*

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy², has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company³, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir Thomas
LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, fir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet⁴ ere they rested,

² — noble bevy—] Milton has copied this word:

"A bevy of fair dames." JOHNSON.

³ As first-good company,—] In the old copy there is a comma after the word *first*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted a hyphen.

MALONE.

⁴ — a running banquet—] seems to have meant a *bafty* banquet. "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habington in his *History of K. Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this running banquet to which fortune had invited them." The *bafty* banquet, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation. MALONE.

I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Low. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank you lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*seats himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes
his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord *Sands*.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play⁵.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged*⁶.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge⁷, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

⁵ — *if I make my play.*] i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *chambers discharged.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house, when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows:—"cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebusque, musquet." Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"—I still think o' the Tower-ordnance,

"Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fir'd

"When my lord mayor takes his barge." STEEVENS.

⁷ *They have left their barge.*] See p. 32, n. 1. MALONE.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers³, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

³ *Enter the king, and twelve others, as maskers,*] For an account of this masque see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. STEEVENS.

The account of this masque was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the king &c. began to dance, they requested *leave* (says Cavendish,) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, "then went the maskers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy." *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641. MALONE.

King.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it⁹.

Wol. Let me see then.— [*comes from his state.*]
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal¹: [*unmasking.*]
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily².

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant,

King. My lord chamberlain,
Pry'thee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,

⁹ — take it.] That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

¹ You have found him, cardinal:] Holinshed says the cardinal mistook, and pitched upon sir Edward Neville; upon which the king only laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and sir Edward's. *Edward's MSS.* STEEVENS.

² — unhappily.] That is, unluckily, mischievously. JOHNSON.
So, in *A merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date:

“ —“ in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unbappineffe* and falsnesse.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2. MALONE.

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kifs you³.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated⁴.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it*.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets,*

³ *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*

And not to kifs you.] A kifs was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, bl. l. no date. "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde."

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,

"If that when daunce is doon,

"He may not have at ladyes lips

"That which in daunce he woon?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I, p. 26, n. 1. MALONE.

⁴ *— a little heated.] The king on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him; and, thereupon went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and perfumed clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of two hundred dishes, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning."* Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. MALONE.

* *Let the musick knock it.] So, in Antonio and Mellida, P. I. 1602 :*

"*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

"*Fla.* Pert Catzo, knock it then." STEEVENS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

1. Gen. Whither away so fast?

2. Gen. O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1. Gen. I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. Gen. Were you there?

1. Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2. Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1. Gen. You may guess quickly what,

2. Gen. Is he found guilty?

1. Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2. Gen. I am sorry for't.

1. Gen. So are a number more.

2. Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. Gen. That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies?

1. Gen. The same,

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

D 4

He

He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten⁵.

2. *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1. *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely⁶,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1. *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gen.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2. *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2. *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1. *Gen.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

⁵ *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity. MALONE.

⁶ — *he sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed:—"After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, fore-chafing, and sweat marvelously." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him, Sir Thomas LOVEL, Sir Nicholas VAUX, Sir William SANDS⁷, and common people.

2. Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils⁸ on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me⁹,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

⁷ Sir William Sands,]. The old copy reads—Sir Walter. STEEV.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May 1521,) only a baronet, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

⁸ Nor build their evils —] The word *evil* appears to have been sometimes used in our author's time in the sense of *forica*. See Vol. II. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

⁹ — You few that lov'd me, &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

And

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name,

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave¹.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me*,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;

¹ — no black envy

Shall make my grave.—] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our author is used for malice and hatred in other places, and, perhaps, in this. Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“ They drewe theyr swordes hastily,

“ And smot together with great envy.”

And Barrett, in his *Alwearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it. STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. See Vol. III. p. 73, n. 2; and p. 116, l. 9. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads *mark my grave*; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *K. Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. See Vol. V. p. 487, n. 6. MALONE.

*—*for sake me,*] The latter word was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun²:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it³;
And with that blood, will make them one day groan for't,
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:

² — *poor Edward Bohun*:] The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford: Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *Hist. of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bobun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bobuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bobuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office; does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bobun*? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. MALONE.

³ — *I now seal it; &c.*] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

Yet

Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me,
 Farewel:

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train,*

1. *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2. *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1. *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2. *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith^s to conceal it.

1. *Gen.* Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

1. *Gen.* I am confident;
 You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Catharine?

1. *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:

^A And when you would say something that is sad, &c.] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,

“ And send the hearers weeping to their beds. STEEVENS.

^s Strong faith—] is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

For

For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, fir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And meerly to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark : But is't not
cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.
They were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the
north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man
of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took
'em from me ; with this reason,—His master would be
served before a subject, if not before the king : which stopp'd
our mouths, fir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter •

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists⁶. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years⁷
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare

⁶ — *lists*.—] Old Copy—*list*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

MALONE.

⁷ *That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years, &c.*] See Vol. IV. p. 240,
n. 7. MALONE.

Look into these affairs, see this main end⁸,—
The French king's sister⁹. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages¹: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please².

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,

⁸ — see this *main end*,] Thus the old copy. All, &c. perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his*; but *y* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the king, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 40: "The cardinal is the *end* of this." MALONE.

⁹ *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the duchess of Alençon. STEEV.

¹ *From princes into pages.*] This may allude to the retinue of the cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNS.

² *Into what pitch he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS.

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Norfolk opens a folding-door. The king is discovered sitting,
and reading pensively³.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,

³ The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

STEEVENS.

This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "The scene opens, and discovers the king," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing scenes, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act; in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[To Campeius.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker⁴.

[To Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

[To Norf. and Suf.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick⁵ though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

} *Aside.*

I'll venture one have at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt NOR. and Suf.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices^{*}; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

⁴ — have great care

I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk. JOHNSON.

⁵ — so sick —] That is, so sick as he is proud. JOHNSON.

* Have their free voices;] The construction is, have sent their free voices; the word sent, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves;
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still⁶: which so griev'd him,
'That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

⁶ *Kept him a foreign man still:*] Kept him out of the king's presence,
employed in foreign embassies. JOHNSON.

For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit* GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is * a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt⁷! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce⁸

It

* — *To leave is*—] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

⁷ *To give her the avaunt!*—] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,*—] She calls Fortune a quarrel or arrow,
E 2

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again?

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having?

Anne,

arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus *Fairfax*:

"—*twang'd the string, out flew the quarrel long.* WARE.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

—*that quarreller, fortune,—*

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—but that your royalty

"Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

"For *Idleness itself.*"

Like Martial's—"Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium." We might, however, read—

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer,"—

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the bearer. To fortune is a verb used by Shakspeare:

"—I'll tell you, as we pass along,

"That you will wonder what hath *fortuned.*"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ii:

"It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)." &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an English woman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third act:

"—Catharine no more

"Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,

"And widow to prince Arthur." TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.

MALONE.

1 —*our best having.*] That is, our best possession. So, in *Macbeth*:
Of

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril² conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little³;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

"Of noble having and of royal hope.

In Spanish, *baxienda*. JOHNSON.

² —*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. JOHNSON.
So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

"The cheveril conscience of corrupted law." STEEVENS.

³ —*Pluck off a little*;
] The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *dutchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

Pluck off a little,

says she, i. e. let us descend still lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way.

which is still an inferior degree of honour to any yet spoken of. STEEV.

E 3

Old L.

Old L. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing: I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire⁴, although there long'd
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Goodmorrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know
 The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women: there is hope,
 All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

⁴ *In faith, for little England*

You'd venture an emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire,—] *Little England* seems very properly
 opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here?
 Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this
 be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in
 Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's time, who
 speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some
 affinity to English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we
 are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very
 fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren
 county of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

You'd venture an emballing:] You would venture to be distinguished
 by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

This explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as
Anne Bullen was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty,
 nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously this distinction be-
 tween a *queen-consort* and a *queen-regent*. MASON.

Might we read—*You'd venture an empalling*; i. e. being invested
 with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of
King Edward III. 1596:

“As with this armour I impall thy breast—.”

and, in *Macbeth*, the verb *to pall* is used in the sense of *to enrobe*:

“And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell.” MALONE.

Might we not read—“*an embalming*”? A *queen-consort* is anointed
 at her coronation, and in *K. Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

“With my own tears I wash away my balm.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it *the oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.

Follow

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you *, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing⁵: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd⁶, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit⁷,

* *Commends his good opinion of you,—*] The words *to you* in the next line, must in construction be understood here.—The old copy, indeed, reads:

—Commends his good opinion of you *to you*, and
but the metre shews that cannot be right. The words *to you* were probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line, and being marked by the corrector as *out* (to speak technically,) were inserted in the wrong place. The old error being again marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens. MALONE.

⁵ *More than my all is nothing:*] Not only my *all* is *nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *nor my prayers*

Are not words duly hallow'd,] The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here; this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obedience, I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

⁷ *I shall not fail, &c.*] I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well⁸; [*Afide*,
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle⁹?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain*].

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt two early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no¹.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,

For

⁸ — *I have perus'd her well*; &c.] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king *James*. THEOBALD.

⁹ — *a gem*

To lighten all this isle?] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"A precious ring that *lightens* all the hole." STEEVENS.

¹ — *is it bitter? forty pence, no*.] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:

—*for two-pence*.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by pounds, marks, and nobles. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee.

So, in *K. Richard II.* Act V. sc. v:

"The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear."

Again, in *All's well that Ends Well*, Act II. the clown says, *As fit as ten groats for the band of an attorney*. Again, in Green's *Groundwork of*

For all the mud in Egypt²:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could

O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;

No other obligation: By my life,

That promises more thousands: Honour's train

Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,

I know, your back will bear a dutchess;—Say,

Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,

To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver

What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, sennet³, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits

of Coneycatching: “—wagers laying, &c. forty pence gaged against a match of wrestling.” Again, in *The longer thou Livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570: “I dare wage with any man forty pence.” Again, in the *Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

“Nay, that I will not for forty pence.” STEEVENS.

² *For all the mud in Egypt:*] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

³ —*sennet*,] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick.

Senné or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux Language:

“*Sonne* assemblée a son de cloche.” *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have like-

habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars⁴; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It

likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune. See *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEV.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"Cornets sound a *cynet*." FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *K. Henry VI.* P. III. after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: "Senet. *Here they [the lords] come down [from their seats].*" In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, fennet on cornets. MALONE.

⁴ — *pillars*;] Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. *More's Life of Sir T. More.* JOHNSON.

Skelton, in his *Satire* against cardinal Wolsey, has these lines:

"With worldly pompe incredible,
"Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
"And they bear two crosses right longe,
"Gapynge in every man's face:
"After them folowe two laye men secular,
"And eache of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
"In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEVENS.

At

It hath already publickly been read.
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Catharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court*, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Cath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice^s;

And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions; having here

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance

Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause

Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off,

And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable:

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had "two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm." This is from Vol. III. p. 920 of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

* — goes about the court—] "Because (says Cavendish,) she could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed between them."

MALONE.

^s Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; &c.] This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

Ever

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice⁶
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person⁷, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly

⁶ — *nay, gave notice*—] In propriety Catharine should have said—*nay, gave not notice*, and so Sir T. Hanmer reads; but our author is so licentious in his construction that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

⁷ *Against your sacred person*,] In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*. Mr. Mason has justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, *or aught* against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. MALONE.

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court^s; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Cath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Cath. Sir,
I am about to weep⁹; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
T'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Cath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,

⁸ *That longer you desire the court;*] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*.

MALONE.

⁹ *I am about to weep; &c.*] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

“ I am not prone to weeping, as our sex

“ Commonly are, &c.—but I have

“ That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns

“ Worse than tears drown;” &c. STEEVENS.

You

You shall not be my judge¹: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
 Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge²; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
 I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
 For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present: If it be known to him,
 That I gainsay³ my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

¹ —and make my challenge,

You shall not be my judge:] Challenge is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says, *I challenge him.* JOHNSON.

² *I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul*

Refuse you for my judge:] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Desessor and Recuso. The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than *I protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's:—"and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse,* and forsake such a judge." MALONE.

³ —*gainsay*] i. e. deny. So, in lord Surrey's translation of the fourth book of the *Æneid*:

"I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words." STREVENS.

Q. Cath.

Q. Cath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling⁴, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will⁵, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*

⁴ You sign your place and calling, &c.] I think, to *sign*, must here
be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you
show that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

⁵ Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,—] You have now got *power* at
your beck, following in your retinue: and *words* therefore are degraded
to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them.
In humbler and more common terms; *Having now got power, you do*
not regard your word. JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person
only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.—
By *powers* are meant the emperor and the king of France, in the pay
of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly *retained*. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely,
does not mean to say that Wolsey was *retained* by them, but that they
were *retainers*, or subservient, to Wolsey. MADONE.

I believe we should read:

“Where powers are your retainers, and your *wards*,

“Domesticks to you, &c.”

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of
government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *re-*
tainers, his *wards*, his *domestick servants*. TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

“I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;

“I car'd not for the gentry, for I had

“Yong nobles of the land, &c.” STEEVENS.

Cam.

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Catharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Cath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out⁶.)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd⁷;) whether ever I

⁶ — could speak thee out.)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

⁷ — although not there

At once, and fully satisfied,)] The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this. I must be loosed, though when so loosed, I shall not be satisfied fully and at once; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied. JOHNSON.

Did broach this business to your highness; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point^s,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed
to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick⁹, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage¹, twixt the duke of Orleans and

⁸ — on my honour.

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The king, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

⁹ *Scruple and prick, —]* Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the king says: "The special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that pricked my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. STEEVENS.

¹ *A marriage,]* Old Copy—*And marriage*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

Our daughter Mary : I'the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience², enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerations did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea³ of my conscience, I did steer

Toward

² — *This respite shook*

The bosom of my conscience,—] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote, *The bottom of my conscience,—*.

Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to king Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus : " Which words, once conceived within the secret bottom of my conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." *Vid.* *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

³ —hulling in

The wild sea—] That is, floating without guidance ; to's'd here and there. JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring⁴st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you⁴,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,

is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *bulk*, is left at the direction and
mercy of the waves. So, in the *Alarum for London*, 1602:

“And they lye *bulging* up and down the stream.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *I then mov'd you,*] “I moved it in confession to you, my lord of
Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were
in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords.
Whereupon I *moved* you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your
licence, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in
question; and so I did *all of you*, my lords,” Holinshed's *Life of*
Henry VIII. p. 908. THEOBALD.

Catharine our queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o'the world⁵.

Cam. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holineſs. [*They riſe to depart*⁶.
[*Aſide.*

King. I may perceive,
Theſe cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well beloved ſervant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

⁵ *That's paragon'd o'the world.*] Hanmer reads, I think, better:
— *the primeſt creature*

That's paragon o'the world. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

No: but ſhe is an earthly *paragon*.

To *paragon*, however, is a verb uſed by Shakſpeare both in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Othello*:

“ If thou with Cæſar *paragon* again

“ My man of men.

“ — a maid

“ That *paragons* deſcription and wild fame.” STERVEN.

⁶ *They riſe to depart.*] Here the modern editors add: [*the king ſpeaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by ſome ſubſequent editor. Cranmer was now abſent from court on an embaffy, as appears from the laſt ſcene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolſey, that he is return'd and inſtall'd archbiſhop of Canterbury:

My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant, Cranmer,

Pr'ythee return!—

is no more than an apoſtrophe to the abſent biſhop of that name.

RIDLEY.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Queen's Apartment.**The Queen, and some of her Women, at work¹.*

Q. Cath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
 with troubles;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his musick, plants, and flowers,
 Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art;
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.**Q. Cath.* How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
 Wait in the presence².

Q. Cath. Would they speak with me?*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam,*Q. Cath.* Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
 With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
 I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

¹ — *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skirt* of red silk about her neck, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsley in this visit; and the queen's answer in p. 72, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce. MALONE.

² *Wait in the presence.*] i. e. in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

They should be good men; their affairs as righteous³;
But all hoods make not monks⁴.

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Cath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Cath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them⁵,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out⁶, and that way I am wise in⁷,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

³ *They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:*] Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁴ *All hoods make not monks.*] *Cucullus non facit monachum.* STEEV.

⁵ *Envy and base opinion set against them,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

Envy in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. So afterwards:

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

⁶ *Seek me out,*] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read—*if your business seek me, speak out, and that way I am wise in.* i. e. in the way that I can understand. TYRWHITT.

Sir W. Blackstone would read—*If 'tis your business to seek me, &c.*

MALONE.

⁷ — *and that way I am wise in,*] That is, if you come to examine the title by which I am the king's wife; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wise in. JOHNSON.

Wol.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin⁸;

I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)⁹
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause*.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.

Q. Cath. To betray me.

[*Aside.*]

⁸ O, good my lord, no Latin;] So, Holinshed, p. 908:

“Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie, good my lord, (quoth she) speake to me in English.” STEEVENS.

⁹ And service to his majesty and you] This line stands so very awkwardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has suggested:

“I am sorry my integrity should breed

“So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,

“And service to his majesty and you.” MALONE.

* — to your cause.] Old Copy—our cause. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been¹, (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Cath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 (Though he be grown so desperate to be honest²,)
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions³,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Cath. How, sir?

¹ *For her sake that I have been,*] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

² (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,*)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

³ — *weigh out my afflictions,*] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to *weigh out*, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome* for *come over*. STEEVENS.

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Cath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Cath. The more shame for ye⁴; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Cath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,

⁴ *The more shame for ye;]* If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Catharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word cardinal. JOHNSON.

Since

Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
 A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at,

Q. Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Cath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye have angels' faces⁶, but heaven knows your hearts,
 What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most-unhappy woman living.—

⁵ —*superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Ye have angels' faces,*—] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in the *Arraygment of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to queen *Elizabeth*; and adds:

“ Her people are ycleped *angeli*,

“ Or if I miss a letter, is the most.”

In this pastoral, as it is called, the queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint.—*England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions.” STEEVENS.

Alas!

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women,

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

2. *Catb.* Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, for-
give me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them⁷ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected⁸? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself⁹?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures;
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;

⁷ — *And force them—*] Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *or at least*

Strangely neglected?] Which of the peers has not gone by him contain'd or neglected? JOHNSON.

Uncontain'd, as I have observ'd in a note on *As you like it*, must be understood, as if the author had written *not contain'd*. See Vol. III. p. 138, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ — *when did he regard*

The stamp of nobleness in any person,

Out of himself?] When did he, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, regard any dignity of another? JOHNSON.

His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's fettled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings¹
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way². But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

¹ — *contrary proceedings*—] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. JOHNSON.

² *And hedges, his own way.*] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumnutations. JOHNSON.

Trace the conjunction³!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁴

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, Amen !

Suf. No, no ;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfi'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom⁵ : shortly, I believe,

His

³ *Trace the conjunction !*] To trace, is to follow. JOHNSON.
So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — all unfortunate souls

“ That trace him in his line.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *In it be memoriz'd.*] To memorize is to make memorable. The
word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

⁵ *He is return'd, in his opinions ; which*

Have satisfi'd the king for his divorce,

Together with all famous colleges

Almost in Christendom :] Thus the old play. The meaning is
this :

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Catharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— *[Exit CROMWELL.]*
It shall be to the dutchess of Alençon,

this: *Cranmer*, says *Suffolk*, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps, the passage (as *Mr. Tyrwhitt* observes,) may mean—He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. *Mr. Rowe* altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

*He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. STEVENS.*

The

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
 Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him!
 There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
 Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
 Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
 daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
 This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
 Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
 And well-deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
 Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
 The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule⁶; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To

⁶ *Enter the King, reading a schedule;]* That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 796 and 797.

" Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating

To his own portion! and what expence by the hour,
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again;
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,

of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long fought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

“Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting farther into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of means of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect.” &c. STEEVENS.

7 — then, stops again,] Sallust describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance.—“*citus modo, modus ardus incessus.*” STEEVENS.

Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolsey.*]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my breth'ren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone

Employ'd

Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you have found true:

And, if you may confess it, say withal,

If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,

Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could

My studied purposes requite; which went

Beyond all man's endeavours⁸:—my endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires,

Yet, fil'd with my abilities⁹: Mine own ends

Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed

To the good of your most sacred person, and

The profit of the state. For your great graces

Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;

My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,

Which ever has, and ever shall be growing;

Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated: the honour of it

Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume,

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you;

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

⁸ *Beyond all man's endeavours:—*] The sense, is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces"; which, says Wolfey, no human endeavour could requite. MALONE.

⁹ *Yet, fil'd with my abilities:—*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fil'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities.

JOHNSON.

So, in a preceding scene:

"——front but in that file

"Where others tell steps with me." STEEVENS.

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty¹,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be².
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood³,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.*]

¹ — *notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

² — *that am, have, and will be.*] I suppose, the meaning is, *that, or such a man*, I am, have been, and will ever be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardihoods in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line; and indeed I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

³ *As doth a rock against the chiding flood,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

“ — it is an ever-fixed mark;

“ That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.”

The *chiding* flood is the *resounding* flood. So, in the verses in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio, 1632:

“ — there plays a fair

“ But *chiding* fountain.”

See also Vol. V. p. 502, n. 7. MALONE.

“ Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit.” *Æn.* VII. 586. S. W.
Wol.

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl
 of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself
 To *Asher house*⁴, my lord of Winchester's⁵,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

⁴ *To Asher house,*] This, as Mr. Warner has observed, was the ancient name of *Esher*; as appears from *Holinshed*: "—and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher*." *Holinshed*, Vol. II. p. 909. MALONE.

⁵ — *my lord of Winchester's,*] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester: unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. *Asher*, near Hampton Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. MALONE.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty*.

Suf. Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it⁶. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

* — so weighty.] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to
migbty, and all the subsequent editors adopted his capricious alteration.

MALONE.

⁶ Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, &c.] Wolsey had said:

— words cannot carry

Authority so migbty.

To which they reply: *Who dare cross them?* &c.

Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech: *Till I find more
than will or words, (I mean more than your malicious will and words,) to
do it;* that is, *to carry authority so migbty;* I will deny to return what
the king has given me. JOHNSON.

(With

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,) Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy! You sent me deputy for Ireland; Far from his succour, from the king, from all That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him; Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity, Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else This talking lord can lay upon my credit, I answer, is most false. The duke by law Found his deserts: how innocent I was From any private malice in his end, His noble jury and foul cause can witness. If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you, You have as little honesty as honour; That, in the way of loyalty and truth Toward the king, my ever royal master, Dare mate a foundier man than Surrey can be, And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords, Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, To be thus jaded * by a piece of scarlet, Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward, And dare us with his cap, like larks †.

Wol. All goodness Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

* *To be thus jaded—*] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest;—to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

† *And dare us with his cap, like larks.*] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* i. e. a satire on Wolsey:

“The red hat with his lure

“Bringeth all things under cure.” STEEVENS.

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who *, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
 Worse than the sacring bell^s, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
 I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
 It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you,
 First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a legate; by which power
 You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else

* *Who*,—] Old Copy—*Whom*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

^s *Worse than the sacring bell*,—] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

So, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass." The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland in his translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. X. ch. vi. STEEVENS.

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing⁹
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Pres not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*¹,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever², and to be—

Out

⁹ — to the mere undoing—] *Mere* is absolute. So, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, by B. and Fletcher:

“ — I am as happy

“ In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine.” STEEV.

See Vol. I. p. 7, n. 3. MALONE.

¹ — of a *præmunire*,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEVENS.

² Chattels, and whatsoever,] The old copy has *Castles*. The emendation

Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope³, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root⁴,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;

commendation was made by Mr. Theobald, and is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*: "After this, in the king's bench his matter for the *premunire* being called upon, two attorneys which he had authorized by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgement to forfeit all his landes, tene-ments, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." CHRON. Vol. II. p. 909. MALONE.

3. *This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth*

The tender leaves of hope, &c.] So, in our author's 25th Sonnet:

"Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,

"But as the marigold in the sun's eye;

"And in themselves their pride lies buried,

"For at a frown they in their glory die."

4 — *nips his root,*] "As spring-frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies*:

"And frosts so *nip* the *rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds."

See *Gascoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin⁵,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer⁶,
 Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

⁵ — *and their ruin,*] That is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. So before:

“He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

“Leap'd from his eyes.” MALONE.

⁶ *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,*] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

“Your fault not half so great as was my pride,

“For which offence fell Lucifer from the skies.” MALONE.

In the *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

“If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,

“We fall at once like pillars of the sunne,” &c. STEEVENS.

O, 'tis

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em⁷!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

7 — a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!] The chancellor is the
general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears is very harsh. JOHNSON.
This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recol-
lect the following epigram of Martial:

*Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gutta feram:
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
Ne tibi regali placeas, Cleopatra, sepulchro,
Vipera si tumulo nobiliore jacet.*

The Heliades certainly wept a tomb of tears over the viper. STEEV.
The old copy has—on *bim*. The error, which probably arose from
similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Wol.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles^s. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

^s Or gild again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal
Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hun-
dred. "When (says Cavendish,) in his *Life of Wolsey*, shall we see
any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house ?—Here is
an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll
[check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary,
was not published till 1641 ; and it was then printed most unfaithfully,
some passages being interpolated, near half of the *Mf.* being omitted, and
the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more read-
able at that time ; the covert obj^t of the publication probably having
been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been
extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the
opinion of many, followed his example.—The persons who procured
this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means
they employed, if they could but obtain their end ; and therefore
among other unwarrantable sophistifications, they took care that the
number "of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be suf-
ficiently magnified ; and instead of *one hundred and eigbty*, which was
the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This
appears from two *Mss.* of this work in the Museum ; *Mss.* Harl.
N^o. 428, and *Mss.* Birch, 4233. MALONE.

With

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition⁹;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal¹

I serv'd

⁹ —*fling away ambition*;] Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: “—then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

¹ *Had I but serv'd my God, &c.*] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph; he is reported to have express'd himself in the

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gen.* You are well met once again².

2. *Gen.* So are you.

1. *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2. *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds³;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward

In

the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I have served him,
he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made
the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces be-
nignes puissances [la cour de Turin], que si j'en eusse eu autant pour
Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis."

MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolfey to utter, who was disgraced
for the basest treachery to his king, in the affair of the divorce: but
it shews how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to
themselves. MASON.

² —once again.] Alluding to their former meeting in the second act.

JOHNSON.

³ —their royal minds;] i. e. their minds well affected to their king. Mr.
Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. we
have "*royal* faith," that is faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer
changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late
editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same
expression,

In celebration of this day⁴ with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1. *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, fir.

2. *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1. *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2. *Gen.* I thank you, fir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1. *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady!— [Trumpets.
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two judges,*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place. MALONE.

4 — *this day*—] Hanmer reads—*these days*; but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation-day. And such is the English idiom, which our authour commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearls, crowned. On each side of her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2. *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1. *Gen.* Marquis Dorset:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gen.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2. *Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1. *Gen.* Yes.

2. *Gen.* Heaven bleſs thee! [Looking on the queen.

Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,—

And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:

I cannot blame his conſcience.

1. *Gen.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; and ſo are all, are near her.

I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed; And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gen.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3. *Gen.* Among the croud i' the abbey; where a finger Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gen.* You saw the ceremony?

3. *Gen.* That I did.

1. *Gen.* How was it?

3. *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream⁵ Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off A distance from her; while her grace sat down To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people. Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noise arose As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, (Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before. Great-belly'd women, That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶ In the old time of war, would shake the press, And make them reel before them. No man living Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven

⁵ *The rich stream &c.*]

"—ingentem foribus domus alta superbis

"Mane salutantem totis vomit ædibus undam."

VIRG. GEOR. II. 461. MALONE.

⁶ *—like rams—*] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gen.* But, what follow'd?

3. *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gen.* Sir,

You must no more call it York place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3. *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2. *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3. *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2. *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell; a man in much esteem
With the king, and truly a worthy friend.
The king has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

H 2

Come,

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II⁷.

Kimbolton.

Enter CATHARINE, Dowager, sick; *led between* GRIFFITH and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think⁸, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pry'thee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example⁹.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:

⁷ SCENE II.] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.

⁸ — I think —] Old Copy—I thank. Corrected in the second folio.
JOHNSON.
MALONE.

⁹ — be stepp'd before me, happily,

For my example.] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Mr. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*. Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

“Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his.” MALONE.

For

For after the stout earl Northumberland¹
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
 (As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
 He could not sit his mule².

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads³, he came to Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity,—He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach⁴, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Ty'd all the kingdom⁵: simony was fair play;

His

¹ — *the stout earl Northumberland*—] So, in *Chewy Chace*:

“The stout earl of Northumberland

“A vow to God did make—” STEEVENS.

² *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself; but the words—“at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself,” which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. See a former note, p. 93. MALONE.

³ — *with easy roads,*] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Of an unbounded stomach,*] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of king Richard III: “Such a great audacity and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *one, that by suggestion*

Ty'd all the kingdom:] The word *suggestion*, says the critick, [Dr.

His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
He would fay untruths ; and be ever double,

Both

Warburton,] is here used with great propriety, and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue : and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glossers*. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim* :

" This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his owne opinion : in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speach and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyb'd*—instead of *ty'd* *all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle ; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still chuse to defend a *cant* acceptance, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, *to.tye* is to *equal* ! A sense of the word, as far as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers ; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal* : who having insolently told the *lord-mayor* and *aldermen*, " For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient : " Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again ; " Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makynge of Abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes le-gantines, had made his *treasure egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Tho. Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the cardinal says :

" I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had

" *Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the land," &c. STEEVENS.

Ty'd all the kingdom :] i. e. He was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. A& II. sc. ii. " free us from his slavery," " or this imperious man will work us all from princes into

Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing⁶.

into pages: all men's honours," &c. Act III. sc. ii. "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here: He would read *tytb'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe*, of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*:" i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tytb'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i. "No man's pye is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. ult. "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*. "You have sent innumerable substance (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience)—to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

⁶ — *as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*;

" — Great men

" Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in

" Their promises; but those obtain'd, weak pygmies

" In their performance." STEEVENS.

Of his own body he was ill⁷, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water⁸. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal⁹,

Though

⁷ *Of his own body he was ill,*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258: "— he laboured by all means to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of hir bodie* with him." STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, Edw. VI. p. 16: "— that she was *naught of her bodye*." MALONE.

⁸ — *their virtues*

We write in water.] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster*:

" — all your better deeds

" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble." STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in sir Tho. More's *Hist. of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and who so doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. l. 1557, p. 57. PERCY.

So, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in Harrington's *Ariosto*, 1591:

"Men say it, and we see it come to pass,

" Good turns in sand, shrewd turns *are writ in brass*." MALONE.

⁹ *This cardinal, &c.*] This speech is formed on the following passage in *Holinshed*: "This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion in his *Historie of Ireland* described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, (saith he) some princes bastard, no butchers sonne; exceeding wife, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, lostie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; infaciable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appurtenances,) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishopricks of Yorke, Daresme, and Winchester, the dignities of

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
 He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and perswading:
 Lofty, and four, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer,
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: Ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out live the good that did it¹;

The

of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbaile of St. Albons, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices in *commendam*; a great preferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectly, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied:—"Cardinal Wolsey was an honest poor man's sonne—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learne*; wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made batchelour of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy batchelour*." See also Wolsey's Legend, *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, "This cardinal was a man undoubtedly *BORN to honour*," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly.

MALONE.

¹ *Unwilling to outlive the good that did it*;] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good *man*; the virtuous prelate who founded it. So, in *the Winter's Tale*: "—a piece many years in *doing*."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good *he* did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good *he* did it," was, laying the

The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick,

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's fit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another²,
six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads
garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces;
branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first
congeet unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the
first two bold a spare garland over her head; at which,

the foundation of the building and endowing it: if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

“The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it,” though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

² — solemnly tripping one after another,] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. STEEVENS.

Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word. Catharine's next speech probably suggested this tripping dumb-show to the too busy reviver of this play. MALONE.

the

the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Cath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Cath. You are a sawcy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,

Know—

Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mef. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH, and Messen.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my fight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius,

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
'The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
'Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*giving it to CATH.*]

Cath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king³.

Cap.

³ *This to my lord the king.*] So, *Holinshead*, p. 939: "—perceiving
hir selfe to wax verie weake and feeble, and to feele death approaching
at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king,
com-

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves⁴, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband; let him be a noble⁵;

And,

commending to him his daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto her; and further desired him to have some consideration of his gentlewomen that had served him, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that his servants might have their due wages, and a yeeres wages beside." STEEV.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

" My most dear lord, king, and husband,

The hour of my death now approaching. I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MALONE.

⁴ *The model of our chaste loves*.—] *Model* is *image* or *representative*. See Vol. III. p. 433, n. 6.; and Vol. IV. p. 568, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ *A right good husband; let him be a noble*;] "Let him be," I suppose; signifies, even though he should be; or, admit that he be. She means to observe

And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by;
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
 Or let me loose the fashion of a man!

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness:
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewel.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
 I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

observe that, *nobility superadded to virtue is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.* STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Catharine's *women* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless king. MALONE.

ACT

KING HENRY VIII.

112

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights⁶; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero⁷
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk⁸
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,

⁶ *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *at primero*—] A game at cards. See Vol. I. p. 289, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁸ *Some touch of your late business:*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

I wish

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could

Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, fir, fir,—

Hear me, fir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way⁹; I know you wife, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, fir Thomas Lovel, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, fir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made¹ master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments²,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, fir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick³, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,

⁹ — *mine own way*;] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

¹ he's made—] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald.

² *Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments*,] Trade is the practised method, the general course. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *K. Richard II.*:

“Some way of common trade.” STEEVENS.

³ — *I have*

Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is, &c.

A most arch heretick,—] I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus incited them against him. MALONE.

Have broken with the king⁴; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded *,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented⁵. He's a rank weed, fir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, fir Thomas.

Low. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

*As LOVEL is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of
 SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
 Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Low. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Low. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
 Almost each pang a death⁶.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
 With gentle travail, to the gladding of

⁴ — broken with the king;] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

* — he hath commanded,] *He*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *He hath* was often written contractedly *b'ath*. Hence probably the error. MALONE.

⁵ *He be convented.*] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. STEEVENS.

⁶ — her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death.] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in Act II. sc. iii.

“ — it is a sufferance panging

“ As soul and body's severing.” MALONE.

Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [Exit SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir Anthony DENNY ⁷.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King.

⁷ *Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs, &c.* 1563.

“ When night came, the king sent sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie, and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in those matters, you being a counsellor.

When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o' man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall,

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

King.

triall, without any such indurance. Do not you know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you; for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwithstanding to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailler, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good perswasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thanks, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's phisition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst them. It is not so, (quoth the king) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that fort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (saide the king) and we shall heare more soone.

Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort, as the king had advised him; and in the end when he perceived that no maner of perswasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.

[*aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.

[*Lovel seemeth to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVEL, and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole counsaile being thereat somewhat amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn othe, said; When you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will hee defend his life against brabbling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

When they were all come to the kings presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaile-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailler as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnely laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to bee of all other a most faithfull subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefe of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lordes, (quoth the king) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogether, which might easilie be done with that man." STEEVENS.

'Tis

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us⁸,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man⁹.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that

⁸ — *You a brother of us,*] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* belongs probably to the king's reply. GREY.

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on¹ is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies²,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
'To swear against you? such things have been done,
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck³,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,

¹ *The good I stand on—*] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say, *The ground I stand on—* JOHNSON.

² *I, with mine enemies,*] Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

³ *Ween you of better luck,*] *To ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEV.

The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
 His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*within*]. Come back ; What mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : The God of heaven
 Both now and ever blest her⁴ !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel⁵,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
 [Exit King.]

⁴ — *blest her !*] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl. JOHNSON.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. MALONE.

⁵ *Lovel*,—] Lovel has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return : I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for him. STEEVENS.

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll have more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl is like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast ? what means this ?—Hoa !
 Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
 I came this way so happily: The king
 Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
 The king's physician; As he past along,
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
 Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace ! For certain,
 This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
 (God turn their hearts ! I never fought their malice,)
 To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King.

King. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,

(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor⁶, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

⁶ *Enter the Lord Chancellor,—*] In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him *Lord Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

Nor.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures?

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now⁷.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, incapable⁸;

Of

⁷ *Your grace may enter now.*] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the *outside* of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, “Cranmer *approaches* the council-table”, not, “Cranmer *enters* the council-chamber,” seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the “appliances and aids” that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. See *the Account of the old theatres*. Vol. I. MALONE.

⁸ — *But we are all men,*

In our own natures frail, incapable;—] The old copy reads—*and capable*. For the emendation now made, I am answerable. It is one of those concerning which, I conceive, there cannot be any difference of opinion. The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *K. Richard III.*

— “O, ’tis a parlous boy,

“Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*!

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to stones,

“Would make them *capable*.”

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here:

“As one *incapable* [i. e. unintelligent] of her own distress.”

So,

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
 The upper Germany^o, can dearly witness,

So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:

"To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble

"Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull, *uncapable*."

Minshew in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocilis*.

The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in the text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

—we are all men,

In our own natures *frail, incapable*;

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which *frailty*,

And *want of wisdom*, you, &c.

Mr. Pope in his licentious method printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

—we are all men,

In our own natures frail, and capable.

Of *frailty*, few are angels; *from* which frailty, &c. MALONE.

^o *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

GREY.

Yet

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart¹, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.

'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

¹ — a single heart—] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE.
In

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers²,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man³.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord⁴,—It stands agreed,
I take

² — *your painted gloss discovers, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

³ — *'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.*] This sentiment had occurred before. The lord chamberlain checking the earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

“ — O my lord,

“ *Press not a falling man too far.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ Chan. *Then thus for you, &c.*] This and the little speech above—“ This is too much,” &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord Chamberlain. The difference between *Chan* and *Chan*, is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
 Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
 And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
 The king will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
 How much more is his life in value with him?
 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
 In seeking tales, and informations,
 Against this man, (whose honesty the devil

entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakespeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the king for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

And

And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base⁵ to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: You play the spaniel⁶,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatfoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*to Cranmer*] sit down. Now let me see the
proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not⁷.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding

⁵ *They are too thin, &c.*] i. e. the commendations above mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote—*They are too thin and bare*; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. See Vol. V. p. 136, n. 4. MALONE.

⁶ *To me you cannot reach: you play, &c.*] Mr. Whalley would read:
To one you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
“the relative *whom* being understood.” I think the old copy is right.
MALONE.

⁷ *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also: who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this place*. MALONE.

And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
 At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
 Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me;
 That is^s, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

^s That is, &c.] My suit is, that you would be godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There is, &c.* and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays:—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [*to*], and answer for her. So, before in this play:

“—whoever the king favours,

“The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*],

“And far enough from court too.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“How true a gentleman you send relief [*to*].”

See also Vol. IV. p. 505, n. 5, MALONE.

In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, mylord, you'd spare your spoons⁹;
you shall have

Two

9 — you'd spare your spoons:] It appears by this and another passage in the next scene, that the gossips gave spoons. JOHNSON.

It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

Ben Jonson, in his *Bartolomeu Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: "—and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in." So, in *A chaste Maid in Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620: "2. *Gos.* What has he given her? what is it, gossip? 3. *Gos.* A faire high standing-cup, and two great *'posle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1. *Pur.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery*, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c. observes that "the general mode of eating must either have been with the spoon or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that spoons became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings."

STEEVENS.

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Mss. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period:

"Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and aske'd him why he was so melancholy: No faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he.—I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reasons of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

Two noble partners with you ; the old dutcheſs of Norfolk ;
And lady marquifs Dorſet ; Will theſe pleaſe you ?
Once more, my lord of Wincheſter, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart¹.
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come lords, we triſſe time away ; I long
To have this young one made a chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noiſe and tumult within : Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye rascals : Do

At one period it was the mode to preſent gifts of a different kind. " At this time," [the firſt year of Queen Elizabeth,] ſays the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, " and for many yeeres before, it was not the uſe and cuſtome, as now it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptiſm of children, (as ſpoones, cups, and ſuch like,) but only to give *chriſtening ſhirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with ſilk or blew thread ; the beſt of them for chief perſons weare edged with a ſmall lace of black ſilke and golde ; the higheſt price of which for great men's children were ſeldome above a noble, and the common ſort, two, three, or four and five ſhillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he ſpeaks of apoſtle-ſpoons, has, as uſual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to aſcertain. Probably however he is here accurate ; for we know that certain pieces of plate were on ſome occaſions then beſtowed ; Hall, who has written a minute account of the chriſtening of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts preſented by her ſponſors were a ſtanding cup of gold, and fix gilt bowls, with covers. *Cbron.* Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

¹ — *thy true heart.*] Old Copy—*heartis*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio MALONE.

you

you take the court for Paris-garden²? ye rude slaves leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue, Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning⁴; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand⁵,
to

²—*Paris-garden* ?] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bank-side was so called from Robert de *Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. Claus.* 16. R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRA.

MALONE.

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery-Lane in 1771. STEEVENS.

⁴ *On May-day morning*;] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that king Henry VIII. and queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEV.

Stow says, that "in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

⁵ —*sir Guy, nor Colbrand*,] Of Guy of Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

to mow them down before me: but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster in⁶? or have we some strange Indian⁷ with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, fir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face⁸, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake^{*} did I hit three times on the head, and three times

was

chester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *Morefields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Morefields. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *Some strange Indian—*] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast

"Lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, and Shakspeare, 1634:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL." COLLINS.

Fig. i. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. TOLLET.

⁸ — *he should be a brazier by his face,*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. JOHNSON.

^{*} — *That fire-drake—*] A *fire drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo, 1616: "*Firedrake.* A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth
some

was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit⁹ near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head¹, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor² once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs*³! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand⁴, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me⁵, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot⁵, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples⁶; that no audience, but

some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal exhalation, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile."

MALONE.

⁹ *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit—*] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: "—and all haberdashers of small wit, I presume." MALONE.

¹ — *till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,*] Her pink'd porringer is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

"*Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porringer." MALONE.

² — *the meteor*] The fire-drake, the brasier. JOHNSON.

³ — *who cried out, clubs.*] This was the usual cry, when an affray happened in the street. By *clubs*, persons armed with clubs or staves were meant. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

⁴ — *the hope of the strand,*] Hanmer reads, *the forlorn hope*. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *to the broomstaff with me,—*] The old copy has—*to me*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ — *loose shot—*] i. e. loose or random shooters. See Vol. V. p. 364, n. 7. MALONE.

⁶ — *that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples;*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company

but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse⁷, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some

many described by Shakspeare in this scene. So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny."

In *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher, is the following mention of them:—"break in at plays like prentices, for three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again."

Again, in the *Black Book*, 1604, *Sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of. Again, in the *Bellman's Night-Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy twopence to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot." STEEVENS.

See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

7 — *the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse*,] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and merry, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poet-laureate, lately deceased." Printed by John Rastel, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,

"And some fall prechynge on *ture byll*." STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of these places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans.

T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—*the limbs of Limehouse*.

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636, the same kind of expression occurs;

"I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,

"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,

"And open them on Sundays: a familist,

"And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"I cannot abide these *limbs* of fatten, or rather Satan, &c."

STEEVENS.

It

some of them in *Limbo Patrum*⁸, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles⁹, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the Red Bull; and, *The Hog bath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain London prentices.

The fighting for bitten apples, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*: "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage? or gathering up the broken apples?"—] and the words—"which no audience can endure," might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid Joan Hearsay, and she had it from a limb of the school, she says, a little limb of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars play-boys. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made interluders? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

⁸ — in *Limbo Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day. MALONE.

⁹ — running banquet of two beadles,] A publick whipping. JOHNS.

See p. 33, n. 4. MALONE.

Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done;
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards¹, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick
you o'er the pales else?² [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The same.

*Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,
Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Mar-
shal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing
great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four
Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of*

¹ — here ye lie baiting of bumbards,] A bumbard is an ale-barrel; to
bait bumbards is to ripple, to lie at the spigot. JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage in Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, A& II.
sc. ii. that bumbards were the large vessels in which the beer was car-
ried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled black jacks of leather. So,
in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a black bombard
with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

² I'll pick you o'er the pales else.] To pick is to pitch. "To pick a dart,
Cole renders, jaculor. DICT. 1679. See a note on *Coriolanus*, A& I.
sc. i. where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt,—Here the spelling
in the old copy is peck. MALONE.

NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop halts, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth³!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran, [*kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

³ *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, &c.]* These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her ;
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety⁴,
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours ;
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour⁵,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her⁶ : But as when

The

4 — *every man shall eat in safety,*] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by B. and Fletcher in the *Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars :

“ Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,

“ In his own shade, or sunshine,” &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the fourth chapter of the first book of *Kings* : “ Every man dwelt safely under his vine.”

STEEVENS,

5 — *the perfect ways of honour,*] The old copy reads *way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts. “ Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” MALONE.

6 *Nor shall this peace sleep with her :*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments ; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die ; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our authour was at once politick and idle ; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety, or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication ever was in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations⁷: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess⁸; many days shall see her,

And

these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

⁷ *His honour and the greatness of his name*

Shall be, and make new nations:] On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612,) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

⁸ *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*

An aged princess,] The transition here from the complimentary address to king James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King.

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die;
 She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good breth'ren⁹, I am much beholding;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

King. Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,
 Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing, &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgment. THEOBALD.

⁹ And your good breth'ren,] The old copy has—And you, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Thirlby. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“The mayor and all his breth'ren in best fort.” MALONE.

¹ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written. JOHNSON.

E P I L O G U E.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
 All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
 They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
 Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
 Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
 All the expected good we are like to hear
 For this play at this time, is only in
 The merciful construction of good women;
 For such a one we shew'd them²: If they smile³,
 And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
 All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

² *such a one we shew'd them:*] In the character of Katharine. JOHNS.

³ *If they smile, &c.*] This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As You Like It*, and the second part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the prologue nor epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the prologue and epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight*;

—*the fellow*

In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our authour might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 4, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the prologue

logue and epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *prologue and epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of: I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from *Stowe*, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

See the first scene of this play, p. 7, n. 1. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

"To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
 "Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed
 "Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
 "And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
 "Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
 "And in the tying-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*.

On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatic poet. See the *Essay* at the end of the third part of *King Henry VI*.

MALONE.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and *Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

C O R I O L A N U S.

Persons Represented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Liſtors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of
the Volscians and Antiates.*

C O R I O L A N U S.¹

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good²: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear³: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularise their abundance; our sufferance is a

¹ This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch. POPE.

² *We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good.* Good is here used in the mercantile sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Hoe*:

"— known good men, well monied." FARMER.

³ Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Anthonio's a good man." MALONE.

³ — *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes⁴: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first^{*}; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he

⁴ *Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:*] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke, which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes:* for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes.*

WARBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*; *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so; and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the clerk's horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 288:

"Aslene was his hors as is a rake."

Spenser introduces it in the second book of his *Faery Queen*, Canto II;

"His body lean and meagre as a rake."

As thin as a whipping-post, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

"A meigre leane rake," &c.

This passage seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEV.

* *Cit. Against him first*, &c.] This speech is in the old copy, as here, given to a body of the citizen's speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen. MALONE.

did

did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition, [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *Cit.* Our business * is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs

* *Our business &c.*] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus. MALONE.

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
 Appear in your impediment⁵: For the dearth,
 The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
 Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
 You are transported by calamity
 Thither where more attends you; and you slander
 The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
 When you curse them as enemies.

1. *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
 car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses
 cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support
 usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against
 the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to
 chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up,
 they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
 Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
 Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
 A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
 But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
 To scale it a little more⁶.

1. *Cit.*

⁵ — *cracking ten thousand curbs*

Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment:] So, in *Othello*:

"I have made my way through more impediment,

"Than twenty times your stop." MALONE.

⁶ — *I will venture*

To scale it a little more.] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used
 in the North. The sense is, Though some of you have heard the story,
 I will spread it wider, and diffuse it among the rest.

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in
 Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1635. So, in *The Historie of*
Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c. a play published in 1599:

"The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,

"Are *scaled* from their nestling place, and pleasures passage
 find."

In the North they say, *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck
 well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken
 from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field*.

Again, *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the
 Welchmen during the absence of Richard II. says: "—they would no
 longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." In the Glossary to Gawin
 Douglas's Translation of *Virgil*, the following account of the word is
 given.

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale⁷: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—

That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments⁸
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate*, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

1. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs⁹, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile¹,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly²
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

given. “*Skail*, *skale*, to scatter, to spread, perhaps from the Fr. *escheweler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparfos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheweler*, *schewel*, *skail*; but of a more general signification.” STEEVENS.

Theobald reads—*scale* it. MALONE.

7 — disgrace with a tale:] Disgraces are hardships, injuries. JOHNS.

8 — where the other instruments—] Where for whereads. JOHNSON.

We meet with the same expression in the *Winter's Tale*, Vol. IV.

P. 155:

“As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

“The instruments that feel.” MALONE.

* — participate,] here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

9 Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

1 — I may make the belly smile,] “And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and sayed,” &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240. edit. 1579. MALONE.

2 — even so most fitly] i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

The counsellor heart³, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain⁴;*

And,

³ *The counsellor heart,—*] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homocordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *understanding*. See the next note. MALONE.

⁴ — to th' seat o' the brain;] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

“ Even to the court, the heart, to the seat, the brain.

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the royal seat, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.*

Act III. sc. iv:

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy seat.”

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

*And, through the cranks and offices of man;
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*

1. Cit. Ay, fir; well, well.

*Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,*

*The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,—* TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the seat of the *brain*, or understanding: "Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the seete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the advice of the heart. There REASON laid open before them," &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal seat*, the throne. *The seat of the brain*, is put in apposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. "I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the royal residence, the heart, in which the kingly-crowned understanding sits enthroned."

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"The rightful heir to England's royal seat."

In like manner in *Twelfth Night*, our author has erected the throne of love in the heart:

"It gives a very echo to the seat

"Where love is throned."

Again in *Othello*:

"Yield up O love, thy crown and bearded throne."

See also a passage in *K. Henry V.* where *seat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. V. p. 470, n. 3. MALONE.

And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1. *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
'Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage^s,
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,

⁵ *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage, —* Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest. See Vol. VI. p. 77, n. 3. Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, Thou worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—

“From *rasicals* worse than they.”

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. MALONE.

The meaning, is perhaps only this: Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“If we be English deer, be then *in blood*,”

i. e. high spirits: Again in this play of *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v. “But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The

The one side must have bale⁶.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud⁷. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it⁸. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,

⁶ *The one side must have bale.*] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for misery or calamity. So, in *Spenser's Faery Queen*:

"For light she hated as the deadly bale." STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.

⁷ *That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,*

The other makes you proud.] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *You virtue is,*

*To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.*] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking⁹?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such, as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth¹,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry²,
With thousands² of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.³

Men.

⁹ *What's their seeking?*] When I was more fond of conjecture than I am at present, and, like many others, too desirous to reduce our author's phraseology to that of the present day, I proposed to read—What is't they're seeking? but the text certainly is right. *Seeking* is here used substantively.—The answer is, "Their seeking, or suit, (to use the language of the time,) is for corn." MALONE.

¹ —their ruth,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. STEEVENS.

² —I'd make a quarry

With thousands—] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"And like a quarry cast them on the land." STEEVENS.

Again, in Fletcher's *Wife for a month*:

"I saw the child of honour, for he was young,

"Deal such an alms amongst the spiteful pagans,—

"He had intrench'd himself in his dead quarries." MASON.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that "a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. See also Vol. IV. p. 411, n. 3. MALONE.

³ *As I could pick my lance.*] That is, pitch it. So, in *An Account of auncient customs in games, &c.* Mss. Harl. 2057, fol. 10. b.

"To wrestle, play at strole-ball, or to runne,

"To picke the barre, or to shoot off a gun."

The word is again used in *K. Henry VIII.* with only a slight variation in the spelling: "I'll peck you o'er the pales else." See p. 136, n. 2.

MALONE.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity⁴,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation*.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not —'s death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city⁵,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing⁶.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

The word is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke*
me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander wants.

TOLLET.

4 — *the heart of generosity,*] To give the final blow to the nobles.
Generosity is big birth. JOHNSON.

* *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder
than the rest. MALONE.

5 — *unroof'd the city,*] Old Copy—*unroof'd*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

6 *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon.

MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. I am glad on't ; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity :—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators ; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1. *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;
The Volces are in arms ⁷.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face :
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred !

1. *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol ; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority ⁸.

⁷ — 'tis true, that you have lately told us ;

The Volces are in arms.] Coriolanus had been just told himself that
the Volces were in arms. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you*
gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified ;
they are in arms. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Right worthy you priority.*] *You being right worthy of precedence.*

MALONE

Com. Noble Lartius⁹!

1. Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone, [*To the Cit,*
Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth¹: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. MAR. TIT. and MENEN,*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird² the gods

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him³: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic.

⁹ *Noble Lartius!*] Old Copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcus*. MALONE.

¹ *Your valour puts well forth:—*] That is, You have in this mutiny shewn fair blossoms of valour. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—To-day he puts forth

“The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,” &c.

MALONE.

² — to gird —] To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me*. JOHNSON.

To gird, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “in some parts of England means to push vehemently. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he girds at it.” To gird likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a stroke of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, synonymous. MALONE.

³ *The present wars devour him: he is grown*

Too proud to be so valiant.] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed, but that the poet's meaning must certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c.* According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder,

Sic. Such a nature,
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
 His insolence can brook to be commanded
 Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
 In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
 A place below the first: for what miscarries
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
 Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
 Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
 Of his demerits rob Cominius⁴.

Bru.

blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. **WARBURTON.**

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* To eat up, and consequently to devour, has this meaning. So, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* Act IV. sc. iv:

“But thou, [the crown,] most fine, most honour'd, most renowned,

“*Hast eat thy bearer up.*”

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour. **STEEVENS.**

I concur with Mr. Steevens. “The present wars,” Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii.

“—He that proud, *eats up* himself.”

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, “he is grown too proud of being so valiant, to be endured.” **MALONE.**

⁴ *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *demerits* had anciently the same meaning: So, in *Othello*:

“—and my *demerits*

“May speak,” &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, cardinal Wolsey says to his servants, “—I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits.*” **STEEVENS.**

Again

Bru. Come;

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity⁵, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone⁶,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [reads.
They have press'd a power⁷, but it is not known

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI. fol. 69. "—this noble prince,
for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester,—." MALONE.

⁵ *More than his singularity, &c.*] We will learn what he is to do,
besides *going himself*; what are his powers, and what is his appoint-
ment. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*'Tis not four days gone,*] i. e. four days *past*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *They have press'd a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old
copy reads—"They have *prest* a power," which may signify they have
a power ready, from *pret*, Fr. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"And I am *prest* unto it."

See the note on this passage, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were gene-
rally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *press'd*
in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's
time in the sense of *impres'd*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus,
translated by Sir T. North, 1579: "—the common people—would not
appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *pres* them for
the warres." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"From London by the king was I *press'd* forth." MALONE.

Whether

*Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;
 The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you ;
 Consider of it.*

1. *Sen.* Our army's in the field :
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
 To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
 They needs must shew themselves ; which in the hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
 To take in many towns⁸, ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission ; hie you to your bands ;
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army⁹ ; but, I think, you'll find
 They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

⁸ *To take in many towns—*] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. So, in *The Execration on Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson ;

“ —The Globe, the glory of the Bank,

“ I saw with two poor chambers taken in,

“ And raz'd.” MALONE.

⁹ — *for the remove*

Bring up your army :] Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read :

— *for their remove*. JOHNSON.

The remove and their remove are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty. MALONE.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding: I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak¹. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike,

¹ — *brows bound with oak:*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. JOHNSON.

and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself*.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him;
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

*Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy²: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria³,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA, and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.

* — to retire myself.] *Retire* was formerly used as a verb active. See Vol. V. p. 40, n. 5. MALONE.

² Than gilt his trophy:—] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold; a word now obsolete. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd.” STEEVENS.

³ At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,] The accuracy of the editors of the first folio may be known from the manner in which they have given this line:

At Grecian sword. Contending, tell Valeria. STEEVENS.

What,

What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—
How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a
very pretty boy, O' my troth, I look'd upon him o'
Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and
when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again;
and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it
again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he
did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he
mammock'd it⁴.

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam⁵.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you
play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the
threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably:
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with
my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say,

⁴ — mammock'd it.] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear.
So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“That he were chopp'd in *mammocks*, I could eat him.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *A crack, madam.*] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson: “—
since we are turn'd *cracks*, let's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, care-
lessly, and capriciously.” Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:
“A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*.” *Crack* signifies a *boy child*.
See Vol. V. p. 356, n. 1. STEEVENS.

all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pry'thee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed,

Mar.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mef. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mef. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

i. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little⁶. Hark, our drums.

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Other Alarums.]

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

⁶ — nor a man that fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little.] The sense requires it to be read:

— nor a man that fears you more than he;

Or, more probably:

— nor a man but fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. See Vol. IV. p. 177, n. 9; and p. 173, n. 6. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written—but fears you less, &c. MALONE.

The Volces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and Exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS⁷.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues⁸
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

⁷ *Re-enter Marcius.]* The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *curfing*.

STEEVENS,

⁸ *You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues, &c.]* This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. II. p. 281, n. 5; p. 328, n. 3; p. 500, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 30, n. 2; Vol. IV. p. 135, n. 4. For the present regulation I am answerable.
“You herd of cowards!” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

“—one's Junius Brutus,

“Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—’sdeath,

“The rabble should have first,” &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

“—Are these your *berd*?

“Must these have voices,” &c.

Again: More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *berds*men of the *beastly* plebeians.”

In Mr. Rowe's edition *berds* was printed instead of *berd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

“You shames of Rome, you! *Herd*s of boils and plagues

“Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volcians and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volcians retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1. *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, outdares⁹ his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:

A car-

⁹ *Who sensible, out-dares—* The old editions read:

Who sensibly out-dares—

Thirlby reads:

Who, sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only half his correction. JOHNSON.

Sensible is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field.

MALONE.

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 293:

A carbuncle entire¹, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes²; but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble³.

Re-enter

" Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smart than the senselesse armour," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ *A carbuncle entire, &c.*] So, in *Othello*:

" If heaven had made me such another woman,

" Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

" I'd not have ta'en it for her." MALONE.

² — *Thou wast a soldier*

Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible

Only in strokes, &c.] The old copy reads—*Calues* wish. The correction was made by Theobald, and is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: " Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them stay upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy asfear'd with the sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his countenance." North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder Cato " into the mouth of a certain Calvus, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The substitution of *Calues*, instead of *Cato's*, is, easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wish; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque*, 1613:

" And what will *Juno's* Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calues*. See a subsequent passage in Act II. sc. ult. in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism. MALONE.

³ — *as if the world*

Were feverous, and did tremble.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" — some

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1. *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain⁴ alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours⁵
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them⁶, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;

"—some say, the earth

"Was feverous, and did shake." STEEVENS.

4 — *make remain* —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

5 — *prize their hours* —] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to runne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies." STEEVENS.

6 — *doublets that hangmen would*

Bury with those that wore them,] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. See Vol. II. p. 9, n 6. MALONE.

Whilst

Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [Exit Marcius.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are
come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own⁷;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

⁷ — *The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;*] i. e. May the Roman
gods, &c. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour⁸,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, fir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man⁹.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you

⁸ — confound an hour,] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptance, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterere tempus.* MALONE.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii:

“He did *confound* the best part of an hour,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *From every meaner man.*] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hanmer and the subsequent editors who read here—every meaner man's, ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we should now write so. MALONE.

In arms as found, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward¹.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying², threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side³
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

¹ — to bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

“Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward*.” STEEV.
Again, in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: “Leaping, upon a full stomach, or to *bedward*, is very dangerous.” MALONE.

² *Ransoming him, or pitying,—*] i. e. *remitting his ransom*. JOHNSON.

³ — *on which side, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:

“Martius asked him howe the order of their enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praying his corage.” STEEVENS.

Their

Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates⁴,
Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope⁵.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present⁶; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd⁷, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report⁸;

If

⁴ — Antiates,] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean veterans; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading.

“Set me against Aufidius, and his *Antiates*.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

⁵ *Their very heart of hope.*] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

— thy desperate arm

“Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope*.”

MALONE.

⁶ *And that you not delay the present;—*] Delay for let slip. WARB.

⁷ — *swords advanc'd,*—] That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *if any fear*

Lesser his person than an ill report;] The old copy has *lessen*. If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, his person must mean his *personal danger*.—If any one less fears personal danger than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are less for his person, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

“That holds his honour higher than his case,—”

Again

If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
 And that his country's dearer than himself;
 Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
 Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take
 him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
 If these shews be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volces? None of you, but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all:
 The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclin'd⁹.

Com. March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour."

In this play we have already had *lesser* used for *less*. See p. 165, n. 6.

MALONE.

⁹ Please you to march,

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.]

Coriolanus may mean that as all the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakespeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie." STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command or *party*, those who were best inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. MASON.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports¹ be guarded: keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding: If we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy²: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,

¹ —the ports] i. e. the gates. STEEVENS.

² —thy fame, and envy.] Envy here as in many other places, means, malice. See p. 42, n. 2. MALONE.

That

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny³,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me⁴
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee⁵ o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

Where

³ *Wert thou the Hector,*

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,] Dr. Johnson says, "that the Romans boasting themselves to be descended from the Trojans, the meaning may be, that Hector was the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks." This he considers as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was possess'd of."

MALONE.

⁴ — *you have sham'd me*

In your condemned seconds.] For *condemned*, we may read *condemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise*. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*; but the latter is right. So Lear: "No *seconds?* all myself?" STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: "Now prove good *seconds!*" MALONE.

⁵ *If I should tell thee, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There the consul Cominius going vp to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thanks to the goddess for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him self sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
 And, gladly quak'd⁶, hear more; where the dull Tri-
 bunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
 Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison⁷:
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol⁸ her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
 As you have done; that's what I can; induc'd
 As you have been; that's for my country⁹:

wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes aboue all other, a goodly horse with a *capparison*, and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the giste of his horse, and was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it, but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." STEEVENS.

⁶ *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To quake is used likewise as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

"— We'll quake them at that bar

"Where all souls wait for sentence." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Here is the steed, we the caparison!*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

⁸ — *a charter to extol*] A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *that's for my country:*] The latter word is used here, as in other places, as a trisyllable. See Vol. I. p. 120, n. 4. MALONE.

He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act¹.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
'To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not²,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword; I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus! cast
up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS,
stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft

¹ *He, that hath but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.*] That is, has done as much as I have
done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never
been able to effect all that I wish'd. So, in *Macbeth*:

“The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,”

“Unless the deed goes with it.” MALONE.

² *Should they not,*] That is, not be remembered. JOHNSON.

As the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars³! No more, I say;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,

For

³ — *When drums and trumpets shall
 I'the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows soft
 As the parasite's silk, let him be made*

An overture for the wars!] The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; [who for *courts* reads *camps*;] and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *bim*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns*; which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

“ — when steel grows

“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made

“ A *coverture* for the wars!”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.* TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *bim*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation:

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: “An overturning; a sudden change.” The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *bim* to

For what he did before Corioli ⁴, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus ⁵.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you :—
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power ⁶.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
 The best ⁷, with whom we may articulate ⁸,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart.

mean it, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be suddenly converted to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Marcius means a coat of mail. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, ”

“ And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns. ? ” MALONE.

⁴ For what he did, &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “ After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these gifts we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him such a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decrete, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination. ” STEEVENS.

⁵ The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus.* STEEVENS.

⁶ To undercrest your good addition,

To the fairness of my power.] I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair*; *fairness* may therefore be *equality*; in *proportion equal to my power.* JOHNSON.

“ To the fairness of my power ”—is, as fairly as I can. MASON.

⁷ The best—] The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

⁸ —with whom we may articulate,] i. e. enter into articles. This word occurs again in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ Indeed

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house⁹; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd?
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind*. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody,
with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

"Indeed these things you have articulated."

i. e. set down *article by article*. So, in Holinshed's *Chronicles of Ireland*,
p. 163: "The earl of Desmond's treasons articulated." STEEVENS.

⁹ *At a poor man's house;*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:
"Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me.
Among the Volces there is an olde friende and hoste of mine, an honest
wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealth
in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his
enemies: and yet notwithstanding all his miserie and misfortune, it
would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one daunger:
to keepe him from being solde as a slaue." STEEVENS.

* — *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you like it*:

"— I must have liberty,

"Withal, as large a charter as the wind." MALONE,

1. *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce¹, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where²
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way³;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1. *Sol.* He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd⁴,

¹ *Being a Volce, &c.*] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian*]. I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:

Being a Volce, be that I am. Condition! JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in sir Tho. North's *Plutarch*, See Vol. VI. p. 195. n. 4. STEEVENS.

² —for where—] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. MALONE.

³ —I'll potch at him some way;] The *Revisal* reads *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.

Cole in his *DICTIONARY*, 1679, renders "to *poche*," *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." TOLLET.

⁴ *My valour's poison'd,*] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

—my valour, poison'd

With only suffering stain by him, for him

Shall flie out of itself. TYRWHITT.

With

With only suffering stain by him; for him⁵
 Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
 The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements all of fury⁴, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard⁷, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
 Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

1. *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:
 I pray you,
 ('Tis south the city mills⁸;) bring me word thither

How

⁵ — for him

Shall fly out of itself:] To mischief him, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

⁶ — nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.

Embarquements all of fury,] The word in the old copy is spelt *embarquements*, and as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. The rotten privilege and custom that follow, seem to favour this explanation; and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find

“ To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer*.

“ An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement*.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has “ to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon.” There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargements*; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

⁷ *At home, upon my brother's guard,—]* In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. JOHNSON.

⁸ (*'Tis south the city mills,)*] But where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium? I believe we should read:

(*'Tis south the city a mile.*)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of our *divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves* in the *holy church*.

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1. *Sol.* I shall, sir.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad ?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you⁹, who does the wolf love ?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him ; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men ; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in¹, that you two have not in abundance ?

Bru.

churchyard. It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell* ; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* ;

“ — underneath the grove of sycamore,

“ That westward rooteth from the city's side.”

Again :

“ It was the nightingale, and not the lark,—

“ Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.” MALONE.

9 *Pray you, &c.*] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

1 *In what enormity is Marcius poor in,*] Here we have another of our author's

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both. Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks², and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome³.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain, having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

² — *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

³ — *a brace of unmeriting—magistrates,—as any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

Men.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night⁴, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say⁵, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon conspectuities⁶ glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs⁷; you wear out a good⁸ wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between

⁴ — one that converses more with the buttock of the night, &c.] Rather a late lierdown than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"—Thou art a summer bird,

"Which ever in the haunch of winter sings

"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

⁵ I cannot say —] *Not*, which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ — biffon conspectuities,] *Biffon* (blind,) in the old copies, is *become*: restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,

"With biffon rheum." MALONE.

⁷ — for poor knaves' caps, and legs —] That is, for their obeisance shewed by bowing to you. To make a leg was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. See Vol. V. p. 180, n. 4. MALONE.

⁸ — you wear out a good, &c.] It appears from this whole speech that
Shakspeare

between an orange-wife and a fossit-seller; and then re-journ the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience⁹; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians¹: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIGILIA, and VALERIA, and a crowd of people.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office.

WARBURTON.

⁹ — *set up the bloody flag against all patience,*] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

¹ — *herdsmen of—plebeians:*] As kings are called *πολιάρχες λαών*.

JOHNSON.

Men

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee²:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen³ is but empiricutick, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius⁴: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men.

² *Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton knew so little of his author as to propose reading—take my *cup*, Jupiter.

MALONE.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

³ — *in Galen*—] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 136, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

⁴ *On's brows, Menenius:*] Mr. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland: "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words,—“The wounds become him.” Menenius had asked—

Brings

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know⁶.

Vol.

Bring he victory in his pocket? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his brows, for he comes the third time home brow-bound with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

“He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,

“Was brow-bound with the oak.”

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

⁵ — possess'd of this?] *Possess'd*, in our authour's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

⁶ — seven hurts in the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.] “Seven, one, and two,” says Dr. Warburton, “and these make

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines⁷; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus⁸:—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

make but nine!" To assist Menenius therefore in his arithmetick, he reads, "one in the neck, and *one too* in the thigh!" It is not without reluctance that I encumber my page by even mentioning such capricious innovations; but I am sometimes obliged to do so, to introduce the true explanation of passages. MALONE.

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? Let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* UPTON.

⁷ Which being advanc'd, declines,] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand and let it fall. JOHNSON.

⁸ — Coriolanus.] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus.* STEEV.

The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Martius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidentally transposed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

For

For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up ;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn :—O welcome home ;
And welcome, general ;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light, and heavy : Welcome
A curse begin at very root of his heart,

⁹ *My gracious silence, hail!*] By my gracious silence, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw :

“ Sententious show'rs ! O ! let them fall !

“ Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in the *Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ A lady's tears are silent orators,

“ Or should be so at least, to move beyond

“ The honey-tongued rhetorician.”

Again, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond* ; 1599 :

“ Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good !

“ Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes !

“ Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

“ More than the worde, or wisdom of the wise !” STEEVENS.

I believe “ My gracious silence,” only means “ My beauteous silence,” or “ my silent Grace.” Gracious seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ But being season'd with a gracious voice.”

Again, in *King John* :

“ There was not such a gracious creature born.”

Again in *Marston's Malecontent*, 1604 :—“ he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady gracious by torchlight.” MALONE.

That

That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right¹.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours: [*to his wife and mother*;
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours².

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*

[*Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes come forward.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture³ lets her baby cry,

While

¹ *Com.* Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.] Rather, I think:

Com. Ever right Menenius.

Cor. Ever, ever.

Cominius means to say that—*Menenius* is *always the same*; retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V. sc. i. upon a speech from *Cassius*, *Antony* only says, “*Old Cassius still.*” *TYRWHITT.*

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, *Coriolanus* means to say—*Menenius* is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—for *always* I am *Cæsar.*” *MALONE.*

² But, with them, change of honours.] *Variety of honours*; as change of rayment, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment.* *WARBURTON.*

³ Into a rapture—] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, to be rapt, signified, to be in a fit. *WARBURTON.*

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin⁴ pins
 Her richest lockram⁵ 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamens⁶

Do

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a rapture means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it.

S. W.

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Cole's Latin dictionary, quarto, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we all the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged.—Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were “all air and fire.” MALONE.

4 —*the kitchen malkin*—] A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. HANMER.

Maukin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

Minshew gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it “an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes.” The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary—“*MALKIN*, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,”—is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*. MALONE.

After the Morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“Put on the shape of order and humanity,

“Or you must marry *Malkin, the May-Lady*.” STEEVENS.

5 *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says: “His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue.” Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, 1639:

“Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,

“I had no wit.” STEEVENS.

6 —*feld-shown flamens*—] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station *: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely gawded cheeks⁷, to the wanton spoil
 Of Phcebus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god⁸, who leads him,
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

to public view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."

Seld is often used by antient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

* — a vulgar station—] A station among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"A vulgar comment will be made of it." MALONE.

⁷ Commit the war of *subtite* and damask, in

Their nicely gawded cheeks,] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,

"Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"Such *war* of white and red," &c.

Again, in *Dametas' Madrigal in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton; published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Amidst her cheek the rose and lilly *strive*." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,

"How *white* and *red* each other did destroy." MALONE.

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

"— her cheeks,

"Where roses mix: no civill war

"Between her York and Lancafter." FARMER.

⁸ *As if that whatsoever god, &c.*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be*. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

"Till wharsoever star that guides my moving,

"Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"— he hath fought to-day,

"As if a god in hate of mankind had

"Destroyed in such a shape." MALONE.

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end⁹; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do^t¹.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i^t the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture² of humility;
Nor, shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,

⁹ *From where he should begin, and end;*] Perhaps it should be read^t
From where he should begin t^{an} end,— JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licenti-
ously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin
to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the ending as well
as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude
his journey, *from the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where*
he should end. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

¹ *As he is proud to do^t.*] *Proud to do,* is the same as, *proud of doing.*
JOHNSON.

As means here, as *that.* MALONE.

² *The napless vesture*—] The players read—the *Naples*,— STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means
thread-bare. So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.* “*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack
Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and
set a new *nap* upon it. *John.* So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare.*”

Plutarch's words are, “with a *poore* gowne on their backs.” See p.
204, n. 8. MALONE.

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction³.

Bru. So it must fall out

To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war⁴ ; who have their provand⁵
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people⁶, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,

³ *It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;*

A sure destruction.] It shall be to him of the same nature as our
dispositions towards him ; *deadly*. MALONE.

⁴ *Than camels in their war ;*] *Their* war may certainly mean, the
wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations ; but I
suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *the* war. MALONE.

⁵ — *their provand*—] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the mo-
dern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to esta-
blish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p.
737 : " The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loanne, to find
them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again,
in Hakevil *on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II. c. vii. sect. 1 :
"—At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold, that
the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, being frozen, was divided
with hatchets, &c." Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, &c. 1623 :

" Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,

" Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Shall teach the people,*] Thus the old copy. " When his soaring
insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean,—When he with the inso-
lence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their ru-
lers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without necessity,—shall *reach* the
people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

As

As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire⁷
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs⁸ and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time⁹,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers¹, to lay cushions.

1. Off. Come, come, they are almost here: How many
stand for consulships?

⁷ — *will be his fire*—] Will be a fire lighted by *himself*. Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

⁸ *Matrons flung gloves*—

Ladies—their scarfs—] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove “upon him as he pass'd.” MALONE.

⁹ — *carry with us ears and eyes, &c.*] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Enter two officers, &c.*] The old copy reads: “Enter two officers to lay cushions, *as it were*, in the capitoll.” STEEVENS.

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capitol could be given. See the *Account of our old theatres*, Vol. I. MALONE.

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waver'd² indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite³. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those⁴, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report⁵: but he hath so planted his ho-

² *he wavered*—] That is, *he would wave indifferently*. JOHNSON.

³ — *their opposite*.] That is, their adversary. See Vol. IV. p. 57, n. 5, and p. 70, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ — *as those*—] That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

⁵ — *who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report*:] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *beave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them*, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *beave themselves*, &c. is not much less so. MALONE.

Bonnetter, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave. STEEVENS.

nours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them, COMINIUS the Conſul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs alſo by themſelves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble ſervice, that Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, pleaſe you, Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire The preſent conſul, and laſt general In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We met here, both to thank⁶, and to remember With honours like himſelf.

1. *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length; and make us think, Rather our ſtate's defective for requital, Than we to ſtretch it out⁷. Maſters o' the people, We do requeſt your kindeſt ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body⁸,

⁶ — whom

We met here, both to thank, &c.] The conſtruction, I think, is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpoſe of thanking whom) we met or aſſembled here. MALONE.

⁷ — and make us think,

Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,

Than we to ſtretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the ſtate rather wants inclination or ability to requite his ſervices, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more ſimple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his ſervices. MALONE.

⁸ *Your loving motion toward the common body,]* Your kind interpoſition with the common people. JOHNSON.

To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly⁹.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off¹ ;
I would you rather had been silent : Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away,

i. Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

⁹ *The theme of our assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression : And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors ; but as it affects only his knowledge in history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your assembly*. For till the *Lex Atinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiae Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. WARBURTON.

Had Shakspeare been as learned as his commentator, he could not have conducted this scene otherwise than as it stands. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius was necessary ; and how was our author to have exhibited the outside and inside of the senate-house at one and the same instant ? STEEVENS.

He certainly could not. Yet he has attempted something of the same kind in *King Henry VIII.* See p. 122, n. 7. MALONE.

¹ *That's off, that's off ;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose.

JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not²: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit CORIOLANUS.*]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter³,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome⁴, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,

² *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] *You did not flatter me*, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ — *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

⁴ *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republick. MALONE.

When

When with his Amazonian chin⁵ he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman⁶, and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene⁷,
 He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since⁸,
 He lurch'd all swords o'the garland⁹. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,

⁵ — *his Amazonian chin* —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made in the third folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *he bestrid*

An o'er-press'd Roman,] This was an action of singular friendship in our old English armies; [see Vol. V. 245, n. 9, and Vol. VI. p. 256, n. 9.] but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman soldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been, "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also p. 199, n. 8. MALONE.

⁷ *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

⁸ *And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,*—] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, shewed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battells." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. MALONE.

⁹ *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*. So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Tho. Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurch'd*." MALONE.

Ben Jonson has the same expression in the *Silent Woman*: "—you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

I cannot

I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Tarn terror into sport : as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem¹ : his sword (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took² ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries³ : alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate;⁴ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunleſs destiny ; aidleſs came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement ſtruck
 Corioli, like a planet : Now all's his :
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready ſenſe : then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
 Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual ſpoil : and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never ſtood

¹ — as weeds before

A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,

And fell below his ſtem :] The editor of the ſecond folio, for *weeds* ſubſtituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. In the ſame page of that copy, which has been the ſource of at leaſt one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *deſamy* for *deſtiny*, ſir Coriolanus, for "*ſit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting* : but luckily none of the latter ſophiſtications have found admiſſion into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Ruſhes* falling below a veſſel paſſing over them is an image as expreſſive of the prowels of Coriolanus as well can be conceived. MALONE.

The *ſtem* is that end of the ſhip which leads. From *ſtem* to *ſtern* is an expreſſion uſed by Dryden in his tranſlation of *Virgil* :

" Orontes' bark—

" From *ſtem* to *ſtern* by waves was over-borne." STEEVENS.

² *Where it did mark, it took ;*] In the old-copy there is no point after the word *took*, and a colon at the end of this line. The true punctuation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

³ — every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries :] The cries of the ſlaughter'd regularly followed his motions, as muſick and a dancer accompany each other.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *The mortal gate—*] The gate that was made the ſcene of death.

JOHNSON.

To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours⁵
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give⁶; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it⁷.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people⁸.

Cor.

⁵ *He cannot but with measure fit the honours—*] That is, no honour will
be too great for him; he will shew a mind equal to any elevation.

⁶ *Than misery itself would give;*] *Misery* for avarice; because a
miser signifies an avaricious. JOHNSON.
WARBURTON.

⁷ *— and is content*

To spend the time to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will
be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our authour wrote
thus:

— he rewards

His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time, to spend it.

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the
sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.

MALONE.

⁸ *It then remains,*

That you do speak to the people.] Dr. Warburton observes, that
at this time both the consuls were chosen by the Senate, and that it
was

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Shew them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them⁹;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish* Then *Exeunt* Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,

was not till 131 years afterwards that *one* of them was elected by the people. But the inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his life of Coriolanus, that "it was the custom of Rome at that time, that such as dyd sue for any office, should for certain dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backs, and without any coate underneath, to praye the people to remember them at the day of election." North's translation, p. 244. MALONE.

⁹ *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*

Our purpose to them.] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship.

MALONE.

As

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place.
I know, they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once¹, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, fir, if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do²: for if he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once we stood up about the

¹ *Once,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all.*

WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in the *Supposes* by Gascoigne:

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me." FARMER.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means, "if he do but *so much as* require our voices;" as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "—they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their standards." MALONE.

² *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right*. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

"*Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,*

"*That gave thee power to do.*"— JOHNSON.

corn³, he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude⁴.

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn⁵, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull⁶, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dew's, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his

³ — *for once we stood up about the corn,*] That is, *as soon as ever we stood up.* This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. "*Once the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed.*" Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read —*for once, when we stood up, &c.* MALONE.

⁴ — *many-beaded multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many beaded monster*, but without necessity. To be *many-beaded* includes *monstrousness*.

⁵ — *some auburn,*] The folio reads, *some Abram.* I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, &c.*] Meaning, though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WARBURTON.

behaviour.

behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O fir, you are not right; have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, fir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, fir;—my wounds;— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your breth'ren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em?

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them⁷.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces.

And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1. *Cit.* We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire⁸.

1. *Cit.*

⁷ *I wish they would forget me, like the virtues,*

Which our divines lose by them.] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice.

THEOBALD.

⁸ — *not mine own desire.*] The old copy has—but mine own desire. The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded

2. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we
hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There's in all two worthy voices
begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1. *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2. *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of
your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the cus-
tomary gown.

1. *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have not deserved nobly,

Cor. Your ænigma?

1. *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you
have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed,
loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I
have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my
sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of
them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since
the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than

in these plays. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1. and Vol. V. p. 284, n. 5;
and p. 252. n. 1.

In a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 377, from the reluctance
which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered *not*
to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand;
but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

“By earth, she is *but* corporal; there you lie.” MALONE.

VOL. VII.

P

my

my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁹ with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire¹ which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here²,

To

⁹ *I will not seal your knowledge—*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing.

JOHNSON.

¹ — *the hire—*] The old copy has *bigger*; and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another. MALONE.

² *Why in this woolvish toge should I stand here,*] I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf as expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems also to think, by the common expression,—“a wolf in sheep's cloathing.” Mr. Mason says, that this is “a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such.” I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

“O fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*.”

The

To beg of Hob, and Dick, that do appear,
Their needles vouches³? Custom calls me to't:—

What

The *woolvish* *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

Woolvish cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *naples*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find "*tongued* consuls," for *toged* consuls.—The particle *in* shews that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing*? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I could wish to treat with my usual ferocity*? We may perhaps more distinctly read:

— *with* this *woolvish* tongue,
unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Shakspeare, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *naples* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in "A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who "caste unto him a husbnde mans gowne, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Than cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the master, I ment that you should have made up the ruslet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *woolvish* gown, therefore, (if *gown* be the true reading) Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress* of a Roman candidate to the *coarse frock* of a *ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

³ To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, —

Their needles vouches.] Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as make their appearance here, their unnecessary voices?

JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minshew's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time. "A QUINTAINE OR

What custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six⁴
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
 Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
 Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
 honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

QUINTELLE, a game in request at marriages, where Jac. and Tom,
 Dic, Hob, and Will, strive for the gay garland. MALONE.

⁴ *Battles thrice six, &c.* Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to peti-
 tion for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

— battles thrice six

*I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
 Done many things, &c.* FARMER.

Sic.

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*³,

But

³ — *aged custom*,] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. *WARBURTON.*

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 201, n. 4.; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think

*But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?*

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't⁶?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency⁷, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you⁸ for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 204, n. 8. MALONE.

⁶ — ignorant to see't?] *Were you ignorant to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it. JOHNSON.

⁷ — arriving

A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* Act. V. sc. iii:

“ — those powers that the queen

“ Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Would think upon you—*] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

Or

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt⁹,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride²,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

9 — *free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Your su'd-for tongues,*] Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues,* however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which so many make suit to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

² — *Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection.

JOHNSON.

How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance³,
 Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd,
 (No impediment between) but that you must
 Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
 By your own true affections : and that, your minds
 Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
 Than what you should, made you against the grain
 To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house o'the Marcians ; from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
 And Censorinus, darling of the people⁴,
 And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,

Was

³ — *his present portance,*] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello* :

" And portance in my travel's history." STEEVENS.

⁴ *And Censorinus, darling of the people,*] This verse I have supplied ; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus : " The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages : whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numa's daughter's soane, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." — Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Marcius Rutillius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487 ; and the Marcian

Was his great ancestor⁵.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past⁶,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on⁷:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election.

[Several speak
[Exeunt Citizens.]

Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 168. MALONE.

⁵ *And Censorinus—*

Was his great ancestor.] Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas —.*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these; Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arctembald earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

⁶ *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *by our putting on:*] By our instigation. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — as putter on

“ *Of these exactions.*” — See p. 21, n. 4.

MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. Let them go on ;
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer^{*}
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol, come ;
 We will be there before the stream o' the people⁹ ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
 TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

Lart. He had, my lord ; and that it was, which caus'd
 Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first ;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul *, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius ?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me ; and did curse
 Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town : he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me ?

* — observe and answer
The vantage of his anger,] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. JOHNSON.

⁹ — the stream of the people ;] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — The rich stream

“ Of lords and ladies having brought the queen

“ To a prepar'd place in the choir,” &c. MALONE.

* — lord consul,] Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of lord was given to many officers of state who were not peers ; thus, lords of the council, lord ambassador, lord general, &c. MALONE.

Lart.

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,¹
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your of-
fices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?²

¹ — prank them in authority,] *Plume, deck, dignify themselves.*

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Drest in a little brief authority.” STEEVENS.

² — why rule you not their teeth?] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. WARBURTON.

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd

3 — *since.*] The old copy—*sibence.* STEEVENS.

4 *Not unlike,*

Each way, to better yours.] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose business it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:

Why then should I be consul? WARBURTON.

5 *Sic. You shew too much of that, &c.*] This speech is given in the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 — *This palt'ring*

Becomes not Rome:] That is, this trick of dissimulation, this shuffling.

And

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely⁷
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1. Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves⁸: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle of rebellion⁹, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd.

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1. Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay, against those meazels¹.

"And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

"That palter with us in a double sense." Macbeth. JOHNSON.

⁷ — rub, laid falsely, &c.] *Falsly for treacherously. JOHNSON.*

The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.

⁸ — let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I
hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *The cockle of rebellion,—]* Cockle is a weed which grows up with
the corn. The thought is from sir Tho. North's translation of *Plu-*
tarch, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they
nourished against themselves the naughty seed and cockle of insolency
and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the
people," &c. STEEVENS.

¹ — *those meazels,]* *Mezell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a
leper. The same word frequently occurs in the *London Prodigal*, 1605.

STEEVENS.

Which

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows²? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon³.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians⁴, why,

² — minnows?] i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a pink. JOHNSON.

³ 'Twas from the canon.] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

⁴ O good, but most unwise patricians,] The old copy has—O God, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, “when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?”—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it in the present edition, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not “O Gods,” as Mr. Steevens supposed, but O God, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words “good but unwise” here appear to be the counterpart of *grave and reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

You

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise⁵ o'the monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance⁶: if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs⁷. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes⁸,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

⁵ *The horn and noise*—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. *WARBURTON*.

⁶ *Then vail your ignorance*;—] *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.* *JOHNSON*.

See Vol. II. p. 109, n. 2; and p. 410, n. 4. *MALONE*.

⁷ — *You are plebeians,*

If they be senators; and they are no less,

When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Most palates theirs.] I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound snacks more of the populace than the senate.

Dr. Johnson would read—*Must palate theirs.* “When the taste of the great, the patricians, must palate, must please [or must try] that of the plebeians.” *MALONE*.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* *STEEV.*

⁸ — *and my soul akes, &c.*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. *WARBURTON*.

Cor.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsell^e, to give forth
The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates¹: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,

¹ *Whoever gave that counsel, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and perswaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in citties of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the vtter ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not thincke it is done in recompense of their seruice past, sithence they know well enough they haue so ofte refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they haue receved, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still growe worse and worse; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thiackes, to do it: yea, shall I saye more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betweene vs, and will neuer suffer vs againe to be vnited into one bodie."

STEEVENS.

¹ *They would not thread the gates:]* That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

Their

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native²
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied³ digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break open
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more⁴:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part⁵ does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—

² — *could never be the native*—] *Native* is *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*. JOHNSON.

So, in a kindred sense, in *K. Henry V.*

“A many of our bodies shall no doubt

“Find *native* graves.” MALONE.

³ — *this bosom multiplied*—] This *multitudinous bosom*; the bosom of that great monster, the people. MALONE.

⁴ *No, take more: &c.*] The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may everything divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See *Briffon de formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

⁵ *Where one part*—] In the old copy we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. IV. p. 511, n. 7. MALONE.

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of^t⁶; that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous phyfick⁷
 That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment⁸, and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it⁹;
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,

⁶ *That love the fundamental part of state,*

More than you doubt the change of^t;] To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

⁷ *To jump a body—*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read: *To vamp—*. To jump anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to anything. To jump a body may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. So, in Phil. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* B. XXV. ch. v. p. 219: "If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a jumpe, or great hazard." STEEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that "to jump a body," meant to rick a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us. MALONE.

⁸ *Mangles true judgment,*] Judgment is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Of that integrity which should become it;*] Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the integrity of a metaphor. To become, is to suit, to besit. JOHNSON.

NOT

Let

Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet¹,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged fir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments².

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citi-
zens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes

¹ Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,] Let it be said by you,
that what is meet to be done, must be meet, i. e. shall be done, and put
an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when
irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature.

MALONE.

² — shake thy bones

Out of thy garments.] So, in *K. John*:

“ — here's a stay,

“ That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

“ Out of his rags!” STEEVENS.

To the people³,—Coriolanus, patience :—
 Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune :—Peace. Speak, speak,
 speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
 Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
 Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
 The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
 To bring the roof to the foundation ;
 And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
 In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
 Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,
 Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
 We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
 Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him ;
 Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

³ *To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—*] I would read :

Speak to the people.—Coriolanus, patience :—

Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Mason would point :

Confusion's near ; I cannot—Speak you, tribunes,
 To the people.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

Befeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous*
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*drawing his sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help;
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
people, are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house⁵; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast⁶;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

* — *very poisonous,*] I read:—*are very poisons.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — *get you to your house.*] Old Copy—*our* house. Corrected by Mr.
Rowe. So below:

“I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house.” MALONE.

⁶ *Cor. Stand fast; &c.*] In the old copy several of the speeches here
are attributed to wrong persons. The present speech is given to Comi-
nius, instead of Coriolanus, as that below, “Come, sir, along with us,”
is given to Coriolanus, instead of Cominius. Dr. Warburton pointed out
the former error. The two speeches of Coriolanus and Menenius af-
terwards—“I would they were barbarians,”—and “Be gone,” &c. in
the old copy form but one speech, of which Menenius is the speaker.
The present regulation of that speech was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

Leave

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Begone;

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another⁷.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tri-
bunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return⁸? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

⁷ *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some other time: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be, *One time will compensate for another*. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. MALONE.

⁸ *Before the tag return?*—] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are denominated by those a little above them, *tag, rag, and bobtail* JOHNSON.

Men.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth :
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
 Here's goodly work !

2. *Pat.* I would they were a-bed !

Men. I would they were in Tiber !—What, the vengeance,
 Could he not speak them fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS, and SICINIUS, with the rabble ;

Sic. Where is this viper,
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
 With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
 Than the severity of the publick power,
 Which he so sets at nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't ? [*Several speak together.*]

* *He shall, sure on't.*] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *fore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall *sure out* ; and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd therefore that the rabble should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned, and which, when he does *afterwards* mention it, he disapproves of :

“ — to *see* him hence

“ Were but one danger.”

I have therefore left the old copy undisturbed. MALONE.

Q 4

Men.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock¹, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant,

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

¹ *Do not cry, havock,*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 477, n. 7. MALONE.

Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt

With modest warrant.] *To cry havock*, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *bajac*, which in Saxon signifies a *bawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *K. John*:

“—*Cry havock, kings.*”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“*Cry havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in the *Ordonnances des Batailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

“Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la teste coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordonnances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

“Item que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu, et la teste avoir coupe.” M. S. Cotton. Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

Men.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children² is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam³,

Bru. Merely awry⁴: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was⁵;—

Bru.

² Towards her deserved children—] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, delighted for *delighting*, in *Othello*:

“If virtue no delighted beauty lack,”—MALONE.

³ This is clean kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail*, *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *kambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinderleg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is the following passage: “But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn.”

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

“*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*”

“The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ Merely awry:] *Merely* is absolutely. See Vol. I. p. 7, n. 3.

MALONE.

⁵ — is not then respected

For what before it was;—] You alledge, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot

Bru. We'll hear no more:—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftnefs, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have ye not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars;
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him⁶
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. Sen. Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning⁷.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“*Is this just?*” Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood.

MALONE.

⁶ — *to bring him*—] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the Ms. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ — *the end of it*

Unknown to the beginning.] So, in the *Tempest*, Act II. sc. i:

“The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.”

STEVENS.

Bru.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there;

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

I. Sen. Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels⁸;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I. Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse⁹, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To Vol.*]
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me

⁸ *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;*] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince. MALONE.

⁹ *I muse,*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 371, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ — *my ordinance*—] *My rank.* JOHNSON.

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions², if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

1. *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd³, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,

² *The thwartings of your dispositions,*] The folio reads—*The things* of your disposition. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who improved on Mr. Rowe's correction—

The things *that thwart* your dispositions.

Some of the letters probably dropped out at the press, and the compositor afterwards restored the word by conjecture, and produced *things*.

MALONE.

³ —*stoop to the herd,*] The old copy has—to the *heart*. The emendation, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Theobald. So before:

“ You shames of Rome! you *berd* of—.”

Again: “ Are these your *berd*?”

Herd was anciently spelt *beard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy.

MALONE.

Which

Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak⁴. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other losè,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this⁵?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you⁶,

But

⁴ — *You are too absolute,*

Though therein you can never be too noble,

But when extremities speak.] Except in cases of urgent necessity,
when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other
times, ought to yield to the occasion. MALONE.

⁵ *Why force you—*] Why urge you. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“If you will now unite in your complaints,

“And force them with a constancy—.” MALONE.

⁶ *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,*] Perhaps, the
meaning is, which your heart prompts you to. We have many such
elliptical expressions in these plays. See p. 128, n. 8. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Thy honourable metal may be wrought

“From what it is dispos'd [to].

But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the
theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests to you;
which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player
with

But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth⁷.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town⁸ with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles⁹;
And you will rather shew our general lowts¹
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want² might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards: "Come, come, we'll *prompt* you." The editor of the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—*prompta* you to, and so all the subsequent copies read. MALONE.

⁷ — *bastards, and syllables*

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.] I read: "*of no* alliance;" therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority*. JOHNSON.

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Orbello*, Act II, sc. i:

" — his pilot

" Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "*of no allowance*, i. e. approbation, *to* your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "*to your bosom's truth*." The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "*and syllables of no allowance*," are put in apposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

⁸ *Than to take in a town*—] To subdue or destroy. See p. 160, n. 6. MALONE.

⁹ — *I am in this*

Your wife, your son; the senators, the nobles;] *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife your son.* JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, *In this* advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at Stake*. MALONE.

¹ — *our general lowts*.—] *Our common clowns.* JOHNSON.

² — *that want* —] *The want* of their loves. JOHNSON.

Come

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what³ is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pray thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand⁴;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling⁵ : Or, say to them,
Thou

³ *Not what—*] In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *with this bonnet in thy hand;*] Surely our author wrote—*with thy bonnet in thy hand*; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

⁵ *Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,*

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,

That will not hold the handling:] Thus the old copy; and I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which, &c.* is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It often, &c.* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Again, in *K. John*:

“ — he that wins of all,

“ Of kings and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—

“ *Who* having no external thing to lose

“ But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.”

In the former of these passages, “*whom* heavens directing,” is to be understood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum deo ducente*;) and in the latter, “*who* having” has the import of *They* having. *Nil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.* See Vol. IV. p. 488.

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author; for in R. Raignold's *Lyves of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5, b. I find the same construction: “ — as Pompey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who* hoping by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar.

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, fir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,

"And little of this great world can I speak,

"More than pertains to feats of broils and battles." MALONE.

7 — *my unbarb'd sconce* ?] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

Unbarbed, bare, uncover'd. In the times of chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"*Grim.* — you are so clean a young man.

"*Row.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

"*Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

"*Row.* I know him not; is he a deaft *barber*?"

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*:

"The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field."

Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy* speaking of a *hooded barok*, says:

"*Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne." STEEV.

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
 A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
 Yet were there but this single plot³ to lose,
 This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
 And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
 You have put me now to such a part, which never *
 I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
 My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
 To have my praise for this, perform a part
 Thou hast not done before⁹.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

'Away, my disposition, and possess me
 Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
 Which quired with my drum¹, into a pipe
 Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
 That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
 Tent in my cheeks²; and school-boys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

³ —single plot—] i. e. piece, portion, applied to a piece of earth; and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. *WARBURTON.*

* —such a part, which *never*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Vol. VI. p. 297:

“ — he would avoid *such* bitter taunts

“ *Which* in the time of death he gave our father.”

Again, in the present scene:

“ But with *such* words *that* are but roted,” &c.

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which the third part of *K. Henry VI.* was founded, reads—*As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us.

MALONE.

⁹ —perform a part

Thou hast not done before.] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. *Cominius* has just said, Come, come, we'll prompt you. *MALONE.*

¹ *Which* quired with my drum,] Which played in concert with my drum. *JOHNSON.*

² Tent in my cheeks;—] To tent is to take up residence. *JOHNSON.*

That

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth³,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness⁴; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride⁵ thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit.*]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ — to honour mine own truth,]

Παύλον δὲ μάλιστα αἰσχύνει σάυτον. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

⁴ — let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means,
Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride
can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy.

JOHNSON:

⁵ But owe thy pride—] That is, own thy pride. See Vol. IV.
P. 473, n. 7. MALONE.

SCENE III.

*The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have: 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause⁶.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

⁶ — *i' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read:

— *o'er the truth of the cause.* JOHNSON.

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction⁷: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance⁸; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck⁹.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume¹.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples² with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1. Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

⁷ — and to have his worth

Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word*; but the old copy reads *worth*, which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth*, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“— You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.” MALONE.

⁸ *Be rein'd again to temperance;*] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of *Le-land's Collestanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented “holding in hyr haund a bitt of an horse.” TOLLET.

⁹ — which looks

With us to break his neck.] To look is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there to help us to break his neck. JOHNSON.

¹ *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

² *Throng our large temples—*] The old copy reads—*Through our*, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shews of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say,

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content;
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears,
Which shew like graves i' the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move laughter
only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents³ for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you⁴.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take

³ *His rougher accents—*] The old copy reads—*actions*. Theobald made the change. STEEVENS.

His rougher accents are the harsh *terms* that he uses. MALONE.

⁴ *Rather than envy you.*] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 42, n. 1. MALONE.

From

From Rome all season'd office^s, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock, to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do; and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, slaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

⁵ — *season'd office*,—] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. JOHNSON.

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people⁶, seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last⁷
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence⁸
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
 Even from this instant, banish him our city;
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
 To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
 I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome⁹,
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

⁶ Envy'd against the people.] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

⁷ — as now at last,] Read rather:

—has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as*, in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁸ — not in the presence] Not stands again for not only. JOHNSON.

It is thus used in the *New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8.

“He therefore that despiseth, despiseth not man but God, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ — and can shew from Rome,—] He either means, that his wounds were got out of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediate were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for* Rome; and supports his emendation by these passages:

“To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome,” &c.

Again:

“Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome,—”

MALONE.

My dear wife's estimate¹, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs²! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you³;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels⁴),

Making

¹ *My dear wife's estimate,—*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. JOHNSON.

² *You common cry of curs!*] Cry here signifies a troop or pack. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

“— You have made good work,

“ You, and your cry.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd

“ To a deep cry of dogs.” MALONE.

³ *I banish you;*] So, in Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: “ When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them.*” MALONE.

⁴ — *Have the power still*

To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our
author's

Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
 Abated captives⁵, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENE-
 NIUS, Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despight;

author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON.

"The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression."—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, "Making *not* reservation of yourselves," which agrees with the subsequent words—"still your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to shew that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "*still their own foes*." These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

⁵ Abated captives.] Abated is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterling:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud." i. e.

Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

Abated has the same power as the French *abattu*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p 304, n. 2. MALONE.

Give

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENE-
NIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell;—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremities were the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning⁶: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

⁶ — *fortune's blows,*

When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves

A noble cunning:] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently wounded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our authour's words before we go about to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

I shall

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother;
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of Hercules,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
 Droop not; adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
 I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond⁷ to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice⁸.

Vol. My first son⁹,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance¹
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool

⁷ 'Tis fond—] i. e. foolish. STEEVENS.

⁸ — cautelous baits and practice.] By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

⁹ My first son,] i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARB.
 The author of the *Revised* would read:

My fierce son. STEEVENS.

¹ More than a wild exposure to each chance—] I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other authour. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch², when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:

Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

² *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor taken from trying gold on the touchstone. WARBURTON.

Bru.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Val. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[to Brutus.]

Vir. You shall stay too: [to Sicin.] I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father³? Hadst thou foxship⁴

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—

³ *Sic.* Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father?] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out:

—Note but this fool.—

Was not a man my father? JOHNSON.

So, Jonson, in the *Silent Woman*:

“O manki-d generation!”

Shakespeare himself, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“—a mankind witch.”

Fairfax, in his translation of *Tasso*:

“See, see this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,

“This shameless whore.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 162, n. 7. MALONE.

⁴ Hadst thou foxship, &c.] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Nay,

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home^s,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:

^s — You have told them home,] So again, in this play:

“I cannot speak him home.” MALONE.

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, fir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, fir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue⁶. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that

⁶ — *but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.*] Dr. Johnson would read *appear'd*, "i. e. strengthened, attested." If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our authour might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue. MALONE.

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue.

i. e. your tongue strengthens the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet*, sc. i:

"That, if again this apparition come,

"He may approve our eyes, and speak to it." STEEVENS.

they

they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicator.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you; You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment⁷, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguis'd, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,

⁷ — *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 209, n. 1. MALONE.

'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir⁸,
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns⁹! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love¹,
Unseparable,

⁸ *Many an heir, &c.*] I once thought that *heir* might mean here possessor; (So Shakspeare uses to *inherit* in the sense of to possess;) but *heir* I now think is used in its ordinary signification, for presumptive successor. So, in Act V. sc. ult.

“And patient fools,

“Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,

“With giving him glory.”

The words of Aufidius in the same scene may support either interpretation:

“—Though in this city he,

“Hath widow'd and unbilded many a one,—”. MALONE.

⁹ *O, world, thy slippery turns! &c.*] This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. WARBURTON.

¹ *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,*

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love,] Our author has again used this verb in *Othello*:

“And he that is approv'd in this offence,

“Though he had twinn'd with me,—” &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

“Have with our needles created both one flower,

“Both

Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a dissention of a doit, break out,
 To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
 My birth-place hate I², and my love's upon
 This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,
 I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
 I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
 Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well; but I
 Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
 you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

"Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 "Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 "As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 "Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
 "Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
 "But yet a union in partition,
 "Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
 "So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 "Two of the first," &c. MALONE.

² *My birth place hate I,*] The old copy instead of *hate* reads—*have*.
 The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. "I'll enter," means
 I'll enter the house of Aufidius. MALONE.

S 2

Cor.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2. Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes
in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?³
Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2. Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3. Serv. What fellow's this?

1. Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot
get him out o'the house; Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you,
avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3. Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some
other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid:
come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. *[pushes him away.]*

3. Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master
what a strange guest he has here.

2. Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*

3. Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

³ — that he gives entrance to such companions?] Companion was formerly
used in the same sense as we now use the word fellow. MALONE.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an afs it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[beats him away.]

Enter AUFIDIUS, and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *Serv.* Here, sir? I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus⁴, [unmuffling.
Not

4 *If Tullus, &c.*] These speeches are taken from the following in fir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitye bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I neuer had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and paynfull seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witnes of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest bear me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard: but prickt forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I beginne to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any hart to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me
yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory⁵,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,

fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemy, than such
as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that
thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then am I also weary to
live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to save the life of
him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service
now can nothing help nor pleasure thee." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *a good memory,*] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory*
was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

See the preceding note, and Vol. III. p. 146, n. 7. MALONE.

To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee⁶, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame⁷ seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends⁸. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

⁶ *A heart of wreak in thee,—*] A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude.”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 83:

“She saith that hir selfe she sholde

“Do *wreche* with hir owne honde.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *maims*

Of shame—] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNS.

⁸ — *with the spleen*

Of all the under fiends.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

“Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd

“Out of the powerful regions *under earth*,” &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters⁹! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath¹; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times², and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing³. Worthy Marcius,
 Had

⁹ *And scarr'd the moon—*] Thus the old copy, and, I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened*; a reading to which the following line in *K. Richard III.* certainly adds some support:

"Amaze the welkin with your broken staves." MALONE.

¹ — *never man*

Sigh'd truer breath;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind

"Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634:

"— Lover never yet made sigh

"Truer than I." MALONE.

² — *Thou hast beat me out*

Twelve several times,] Out here means, I believe, *full, complete,*

MALONE.

³ *And wak'd half dead—*] Unless the two preceding lines be considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's concluding

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most wel-
come! [*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
thing in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
I cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—'Would I
were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

cluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed dif-
ferently. "*We* have been down," must be considered as if he had
written—I have been down *with you*, in my sleep, and *wak'd*, &c. See
p. 76, n. 8; and Vol. III. p. 356, n. 8, and p. 466, n. 9. MALONE.

2. *Serv.*

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater foldier than he, you wot one.

2. *Serv.* Who? my master?

1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater foldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too⁴.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mis-

⁴ — *he might have broil'd and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boil'd.* The change was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

trials of him; sanctifies himself with's hand⁵, and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears⁶: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd⁷.

2. Serv.

⁵ — *sanctifies himself with's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion: I should rather suppose it to be to the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

⁶ *He will—fowle the porter of Rome gates by th' ears.*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Scuiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals*. So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress*, 1636:

“Venus will *sowle* me by the ears for this.”

Perhaps Shakespeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus*.

STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakespeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. “A lieutenant *sold him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room.” Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 158. “It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well.” In this passage *to sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere*. MALONE.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, drugging, and lugging in the West of England. S. W.

⁷ — *his passage poll'd.*] That is, *bared, cleared*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by T. Nashe, 1594: “— the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove unruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconscionably.”—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. MALONE.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Dametas's Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wootton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd*.”

It

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude⁸.

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood*, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing⁹, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent¹. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd², deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men³.

It likewise signify'd to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field*:

"But now we will withstand his grace,

"Or thousand heads shall there be *polled*." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *whilst he's in directitude.*] I suspect the authour wrote:—whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. MALONE.

* — *in blood* —] See p. 152, n. 5. MALONE.

⁹ *This peace is nothing, but to rust, &c.*] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:

This peace is good for nothing, but, &c. MALONE.

¹ — *full of vent.*] Full of rumour, full of materials for *discourse*. JOHNS.

² — *mull'd,* —] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*. HANMER.

³ — *than wars a destroyer of men.*] i. e. than *wars* are a destroyer of men. Our authour almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—than *war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

3. *Serv.*

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace⁴ And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, where he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if

⁴ *His remedies are tame i' the present peace*] I suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this: *His remedies are tame*, i. e. *ineffectual*, in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

STEEVENS.

In, [*i' the present peace*] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

He

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1. *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both,

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours; We wish'd Corio-
lanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance^s.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers

^s — affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors*; without any other
suffrage. JOHNSON.

Are

Are enter'd in the Roman territories ;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
'Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius ?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be !
We have record, that very well it can ;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow⁶,
Before you punish him, where he heard this ;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house : some news is come in,
That turns their countenances⁷.

Sic. 'Tis this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

⁶ — reason *with the fellow*,] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 44, n. 1. MALONE.

⁷ *That turns their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Has friendship such a faint and *milky* heart,
“ It *turns* in less than two nights ?” MALONE.

Sic.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone⁸,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads* upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd,
Into an augre's bore⁹.

⁸ — can no more atone,] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is used by our authour. To atone here, in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite. JOHNSON.

Atone seems to be derived from at and one;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form, "—to reconcile and make them at one." MALONE.

* — the city leads —] Our authour, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

⁹ — confin'd

Into an augre's bore.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" — our fate hid in an augre-hole." STEEVENS.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation¹, and
The breath of garlick-eaters²!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit³:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt⁴; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?

¹ Upon the voice of occupation,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business. So, again, in *Julius Caesar*, Act I. sc. ii. "An I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c.

So, Horace uses *artēs* for *artifices*.

"Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes

"*Infra se positas*." MALONE.

² The breath of garlick-eaters!] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: "—he would smouth with a beggar, though the smell'd brown bread and garlick." MALONE.

To smell of leeks was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

"—quis tecum seſtile porrum

"*Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?*" STEEVENS.

³ As Hercules, &c.] An allusion to the apples of the Hesperides.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Do smilingly revolt,] To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him⁵ even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again⁶. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they

⁵ —they charg'd him, &c.] Their charge or injunction would shew them insensible of his wrongs, and make them shew like enemies.

⁶ They'll roar him in again.—] As they booted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations, JOHNSON.

That

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made

Good work, you and your cry⁷!—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we ba-
nish'd him.

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *You and your cry!*] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Ham-
let*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, fir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier⁷
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, fir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne* the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people

⁷ — more proudlier—] We have already had in this play—more
wertbier, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. 1. we have more kinder; yet
the modern editors read here—more proudly. MALONE.

* Had borne —] The old copy reads—have borne; which cannot be
right. For the emendation now made I am answerable. MALONE.

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish⁸, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether⁹ defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all; not all,
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance¹. So our virtues

⁸ *As is the osprey—*] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *osifraga*. POPE.

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song xxv. a full account of the *osprey*, which shews the justness and beauty of the simile:

“ The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,

“ Which over them the *fish* no sooner do espy,

“ But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,

“ Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,

“ They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw.”

LANGTON.

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of the *Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a “ rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — *whether 'twas pride,*

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether, &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*: but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

¹ — *he has a merit*

To choke it in the utterance.] He has a merit for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

T 3

Lie

Lie in the interpretation of the time:
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done².
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Rights by rights fouler³, strengths by strengths, do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt*,

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
 and Others,*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
 But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,

² *And power, unto itself most commendable,*

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done.] The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations.—*unto itself most commendable*, i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. *WARBURTON.*

If our authour meant to place Coriolanus in this chair, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear “his nothings monster'd.” But I rather believe, “in the utterance” alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends; and then the lines of Horace quoted in p. 273, n. 1, may serve as a comment on the passage before us. *MALONE.*

³ *Rights by rights fouler, &c.*] These words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, to what follows, and not to what went before. *As one nail*, says Aufidius, *drives out another*, so the strength of Coriolanus shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less fair perhaps, but more powerful. Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him. The modern editors read—*Rights by right fouler, &c.* which Mr. Steevens explains thus: “What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs.” *MALONE.*

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome⁴,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory⁵!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition⁶ of a state,
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile

⁴ — *that have rack'd for Rome,*] To rack means to *barrafs* by *exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

“The commons haſt thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags

“Are lank and lean with thy extortions.”

I believe it here means in general, You that have been ſuch good ſtewards for the Roman people, as to get their houſes burned over their heads, to ſave them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *A noble memory!*] *Memory for memorial.* STEEVENS.

See p. 262, n. 5. MALONE.

⁶ *It was a bare petition—*] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the conſequence of verbal ſupplication againſt that of actual puniſhment. STEEVENS.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *bare* is uſed in the ſenſe of *thin*, eaſily ſeen through; having only a ſlight ſuperficial covering. Yet, I confeſs, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the paſſages alluded to, (See Vol. V. p. 136, n. 4.) the editor of the firſt folio ſubſtituted *baſe* for *bare*, improperly. In the paſſage before us perhaps *baſe* was the authour's word. MALONE.

Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd⁷:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him

⁷ *He was not taken well; he had not din'd, &c.*] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. *WARBURTON.*

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success^s. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him,

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold^o, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions¹:

So,

³ *I shall ere long have knowledge*

Of my success.] Mr. Mason says, there could be no doubt that Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his success; and therefore, for *I*, would read *you*. That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his success, is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere long* gain that knowledge. That this is not always the case, when applications for favours are made to persons in high station, is well known to all who have ever been solicitors in courts; and if poetical authority be wanting, Spenser furnishes one in these well known lines:

“ Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,

“ What hell it is in *suving long* to bide;

“ To loose good dayes that might be better spent,

“ To waite long nights in pensive discontent, &c.

Mother Hubbard's Tale. MALONE.

⁹ *I tell you, he does sit in gold,—*] He is inthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

Χειροθρονος. Hen.—Hom. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “—he was set in his chaire of state, with a a marvellous and unspeakable majestie.” Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. i:

“ All clinquant, *all in gold, like beaten gods.*” STEEVENS.

¹ *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:*] This whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

— *What he would do,*

He sent in writing after; what he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions,—

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this:

To

So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife²;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The
 Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay: Whence are you?

2. G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your
 leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1. G. You may not pass, you must return: our general
 Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before

*To yield to his conditions is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, so that
 all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was
 the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of
 the next. See Vol. IV. p. 324, n. 1. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his
 conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring these words
 to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but
 such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the
conditions, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

FARMER.

² *So, that all hope is vain,*

Unless his noble mother, and his wife;] That this passage has
 been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays
 have been suspected to be corrupt, merely because the language was pec-
 uliar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the
 present; and this surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mo-
 ther and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been
 doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have
 now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife,
 who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*. MALONE

You'll

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks³,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1. *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover⁴: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, hapily, amplified;
For I have ever verif'y'd my friends⁵,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground⁶,

I have

³ — *lots to blanks,*] A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their ears. *Lots* were the term in our authour's time for the total number of tickets in a lottery, which took its name from thence. So, in the continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The *lots* were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small; which certainly is not his meaning. MALONE.

⁴ *The general is my lover:*] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. III. p. 67, n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ *For I have ever verified my friends, &c.*] To *verify* is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, *be brought false witness to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only means to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer*. JOHNSON.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is, "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth. MALONE.

⁶ — *upon a subtle ground,*] *Subtle* means *smooth, level*. So, Jonson, in one of his masques:

"Tityus's

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing⁷: Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, sir, if you have told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chafly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-
nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. G. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not
speak with him till after dinner.

1. G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you,
when you have push'd out of your gates the very defender
of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your
enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the
easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your
daughters⁸, or with the palsy'd intercession of such a
decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to
blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in,
with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd;
therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execu-

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all
Tartarus."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling-
greens are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful*? MALONE.

⁷ *Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing;*] I have almost given the *lie* such
a sanction as to render it *current*. MALONE.

⁸ — *the virginal palms of your daughters,*] The adjective *virginal* is
used in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Lav'd in a bath of contrite *virginal* tears."

Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

"She to them made with mildness *virginal*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"— tears *virginal*

"Shall be to me even as the dew to fire." MALONE.

tion:

tion : you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood ;—back,—that's the utmost of your having :—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS, and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you ; you shall know now, that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant⁹ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment¹ with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O, my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee : but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

⁹ — a Jack guardant—] See Vol. V. p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ — guess but by my entertainment—] The old copy reads—guess but my, &c. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson, and had likewise been proposed by Mr. Edwards in his Mf. notes. It had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been omitted at the press, than confounded with *but*. MALONE.

Are servanted to others: Though I owe
 My revenge properly², my remission lies
 In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
 Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
 Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
 Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
 Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
 Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter*,
 And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
 I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
 Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—
Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS,

1. G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2. G. 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You
 know the way home again.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent³ for keeping your
 greatness back?

2. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general:
 for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any,
 you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself⁴,
 fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst.
 For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase
 with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the
 rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and *Others*.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow

² — *Though I owe*

My revenge properly,—] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge,
 in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

³ — *how we are shent* —] Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole in his
 Latin Dict. 1679, renders to *shend*, *inrepro*. It is so used by many of
 our old writers. MALONE.

⁴ — *by himself* —] i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

Set

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business⁵.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes⁶,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should

⁵ — bow plainly

I have borne this business.] That is, bow openly, bow remotely from
artifice or concealment. JOHNSON.

⁶ — those dove's eyes,] So, in the *Canticles*, v. 12. "—his eyes are
the eyes of doves." STEEVENS.

In

In supplication nod: and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.⁷

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace.⁸ Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
 For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven⁹, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate¹,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*kneels*;
 Of thy deep duty more impression shew
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

⁷ *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation
 of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning,
 that he saw things with *other eyes*, or *other dispositions*. She lays hold on
 the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNS.

⁸ — *like a dull actor now,*

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet:

“As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,

“Who with his fear is put beside his *part*,—” MALONE.

⁹ *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,—*] That is, *by Juno*, the
 guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial per-
 fidy. JOHNSON.

¹ *I prate.*] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is
 Theobald's. So, in *Othello*: “I *prattle* out of fashion.” STEEVENS.

I kneel

I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

[*kneels.*

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach ²
Fillop the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;

I help to frame thee ³. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola ⁴,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle ⁵,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,

And

² — on the hungry beach —] The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks. Such, I think, is the meaning. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ — mine is all as hungry as the sea.”

I once idly conjectured that our authour wrote—the *angry* beach. Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that “the hungry beach” means the *sterile, unprofitable* beach. “Every writer on husbandry (he adds,) speaks of hungry soil, and hungry gravel, and what is more barren than the sands on the sea-shore ?” He acknowledges, however, it may admit the explication already given. MALONE.

³ I help to frame thee.] Old Copy—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many instances, in which corruptions have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

⁴ The noble sister of Publicola,] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumentia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors ; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she comes with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

⁵ — chaste as the icicle, &c.] I cannot forbear to quote the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*, in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted :

“ — thou art chaste

“ As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play

“ Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,

“ Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.” STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdled* ; but *curdied* is

And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours⁶,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw⁷,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;

the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All's well that ends well*.—"I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood." We should now write *muddled*, to express *begrimed*, *polluted with mud*. MALONE.

⁶ — *epitome of yours*,] I read:—*epitome of you*.
An epitome of you, which, *enlarged by the commentaries of time*, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

⁷ *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw*,] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

"O no! it is an *ever-fixed mark*,

"*That looks on tempests, and is never shaken*." MALONE.
Every *flaw*, is every *gust*, every *storm*. JOHNSON.

That

That, if you fail in our request^s, the blame
May hang upon your hardnes: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment⁹
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should

⁸ *That, if you fail in our request,—*] That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. Mt. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. MALONE:

⁹ *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, &c.*] “The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Cataline*, of Ben Jonson’s.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumentia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

“If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately then all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddess, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more then any mortall enemy can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most harde choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natue countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot perswade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother’s wombe, that brought thee first into this world.” FARMER.

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep, and shake¹ with fear and sorrow;
 Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
 The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 'Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine*: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend

¹ *Constrains them weep, and shake—*] That is, *constrains the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.* JOHNSON.

* *These wars determine;*] That is, *end.* See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1.
 MALONE.

To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blest*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour²,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur³ with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks⁴. Thou hast never in thy life

² — *the fine strains of honour,*—] The niceties, the refinements.

JOHNSON.

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. another in *Timon of Athens*; and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. II. p. 512, n 7. MALONE.

³ *And yet to charge thy sulphur*—] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act III. sc. i. *charge* is printed instead of *change*. MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. JOHNSON.

Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
 When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition,⁵ with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our dispatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother⁶ !

[holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,

⁵ Does reason our petition—] Does argue for us and our petition.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Mother, mother !—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : “ Oh mother, what have you done to me ? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne : for I see myself vanquished by you alone.” STEEVENS.

Were

CORIO LANUS.

995

Were you in my stead, would you have heard *
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune⁷. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; [*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you⁸: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, espe-

* — *beard* —] is here used as a dissyllable. See Vol. V. p. 209, n. *. The modern editors read —*say*, would you have heard—.

MALONE.

⁷ — *I'll work*

Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

⁸ *To have a temple built you:*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

cially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse⁹. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state¹, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebéians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

9 — *than an eight year old horse.*] Sub intelligitur *remembers his dam.*

WARBURTON.

¹ *He sits in his state, &c.*] In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold*. The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to resemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

His *state* means his *chair of state*. See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 282, n. 9; and Vol. IV, p. 367, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates². Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the fun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and musick.*

² *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,*

As the recomforted through the gates.] So, in our author's *Rape of
Lucrece*:

“ *As through an arch the violent roaring tide*

“ *Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste.*”

Blown in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— here on her breast

“ *There is a vent of blood, and something blown.*”

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swollen, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

“ *My boat sails swiftly both with wind and tide.*” STEEVENS.

Sic.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mes. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mes. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [going.]

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and
People. They pass over the stage.*

1. *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; fire flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse *,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : Dispatch. [Exeunt Att.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome !

1. *Con.* How is it with our general ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impositon'd,
And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble sir,

* Him I accuse,—&c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ I am appointed him to murder you.”

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*He* I accuse—.

MALONE.

If

If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance³, as if

I had

³ *He wag'd me with his countenance,—*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for my *wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593:
“— by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price.”

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*. So, in Geo. Wither's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ Good

I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it ;—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd⁴ upon him.
As a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action ; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of
the people.*]

1. *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,

“ Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,

“ That better censures, and rewards doth ask.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii :

“ — must *wage*

“ Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of K. John*, p. 168 : “ —the summe
of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men.”

⁴ For which my sinews shall be stretch'd—] This is the point on
which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

But,

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us,
With our own charge⁵; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of
Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marciu!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

⁵ — answering us

With our own charge;] That is, rewarding us with our own expences; making the cost of the war its recompence. JOHNSON.

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,
 For certain drops of salt⁶, your city Rome
 (I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more⁷.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
 Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
 Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
 (Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
 Must bear my beating to his grave;) shall join
 To thrust the lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
 Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
 If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
 That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
 Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
 Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
 Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
 'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*several speaking at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do

⁶ For certain drops of salt—] For certain tears. So, in *K. Lear*:

“Why this would make a man, a man of salt.” MALONE.

⁷ *Auf.* No more.] This should rather be given to the first lord. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation.

it presently. He kill'd my son ;—my daughter ;—He kill'd my cousin Marcus ;—He kill'd my father.—

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth^s. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—

^s — his fame folds in

This orb o' the earth:] His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.
Help,

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
 Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
 Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
 Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
 Which to this hour bewail the injury,
 Yet he shall have a noble memory⁹.—
 Assist.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead march sounded*¹.]

⁹ — *a noble memory.*] *Memory for memorial.* STEEVENS.

See p. 262, n. 5. MALONE.

¹ The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Vol. VII.

X

Persons Represented.

Julius Cæsar.
 Octavius Cæsar, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius*
 Marcus Antonius, } *Cæsar.*
 M. Æmil. Lepidus, }
 Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*
 Marcus Brutus, }
 Cassius, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
 Casca, }
 Trebonius, }
 Ligarius, }
 Decius Brutus, }
 Metellus Cimper, }
 Cinna, }
 Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*
 Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
 Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
 Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *Young Cato, and Volum-*
nius; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
 Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Ser-*
vanis to Brutus.
 Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

 Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*
 Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome: after-
wards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS², and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

¹ It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs; &c. of Oliver Cromwell.*) p. 14, that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui epilogus a magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play also on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline, when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young authour, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authours drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

A passage in *The Tempest*, (p. 79,) seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempest* nor the *Julius Cæsar* of our authour was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered, that our authour has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *K. Richard II.* the two parts of *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Parts*

Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, fir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soals.

Mar. What trade³, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me:
yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
faucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's mat-

of *K. Henry VI.*: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Stirlime borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes, is as follows: "About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi." MALONE.

² *Marullus*,] Old copy—*Murellus*. Corrected from Plutarch by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

³ *Mar.* *What trade, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to *Flavius*. The next speech but one shews that it belongs to *Marullus*, to whom it was attributed, I think properly, by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

ters,

ters, but with awl⁴. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks⁵, To hear the replication of your sounds,

Made

⁴ — *but with awl.*] I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 362, n. 8, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *foals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. v.—“3. *Serv.* How, fir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.” MALONE.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, *The Three merry Coblers*:

“We have *awle* at our command,

“And still we are on the mending hand.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — *her banks,*] As *Tyber* is always represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. STEEVENS.

Made in her concave shores?
 And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens,*
 See, whe'r⁶ their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
 This way will I: Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies⁷;

Mar. May we do so?
 You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies*. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt,*

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. MALONE.

⁶ See, whe'r [*Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson. STEEV. See Vol. IV. p. 469, n. I. MALONE.

⁷ — deck'd with ceremonies.] With honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. MALONE.

* Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.] Cæsar's trophies, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in *Mr. North's* translation. "—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down."

STEEVENS.
 SCENE

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS⁸, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCIA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Musick ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course⁹.—Antonius.

Ant.

⁸ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. *Velleius Paterculus*, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says,—“ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optime de se merito, C. *Cæsari* pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, intersector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat a *Cæsare* retinere, *Cæsarem* qui illa dederat periisse.” Lib. ii. c. 64.

“Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos

“*Cæsaris*, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset

“*Gallia Cæsareo* nuper commissa favore.

“Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“Deterrere potest.”—

“Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici

“Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

“Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.*” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*: and in Holland's Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius Brutus*. MALONE:

⁹ *Stand you directly in Antonius' way,*

When he doth run his course.] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than to Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Musick*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet.*¹ *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cæs.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—“At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. —And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy course.” North's Translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani*; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. MALONE.

¹ *Sennet*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *sennefte*, an antiquated

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs,
And ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand²
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference³,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breſt of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

antiquated French tune formerly uſed in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have conſulted exhibit no ſuch word.

Sennet may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See p. 57, n. 3. MALONE.

² — *ſtrange a hand*—] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, ſuch as might become a ſtranger. JOHNSON.

³ — *paſſions of ſome difference*,] With a fluctuation of diſcordant opinions and deſires. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. iii:

“ — thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour

“ At difference in thee.” STEEVENS.

A following line may prove the beſt comment on this:

“ Than that poor Brutus, *with himſelf at war*, —.” MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself⁴,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh⁵, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love⁶
To every new protester; if you know

⁴ —the eye sees not itself,] So, sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599:

"Is it because the mind is like the eye,

"Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;

"Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;

"Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?"

Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Fawne*, 1606:

"Thus few strike fail until they run on self:

"The eye sees all things but its proper self." STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir John David's poem:

"— the lights which in my tower do shine,

"Mine eyes which see all objects nigh and far,

"Look not into this little world of mine;

"Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are." MALONE.

⁵ — a common laugh^{er},] Old Copy—laught^{er}. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new
protector to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths.

JOHNSON.

That

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently⁷:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood*⁸,

And

⁷ *And I will look on both indifferently:*] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural?

JOHNSON.

⁸ — *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,*] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the
2 sea,

And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd⁹,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
 His coward lips did from their colour fly¹;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man

sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his *Commentaries* in his left hand." Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles."

MALONE.

⁹ *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii:

"—those powers that the queen

"Hath rais'd in Galla, have *arriv'd* our coast." STEEVENS.

¹ *His coward lips did from their colour fly;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestick world²,
And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs³, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well⁴;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*

² — *get the start of the majestick world, &c.*] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings.*

WARBURTON.

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. MALONE.

³ — *and we petty men*

Walk under his huge legs,] So, as an anonymous writer has observed, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 10.

“But I the meanest man of many more,

“Yet much disdain'd unto him to lout,

“Or creep between his legs.” MALONE.

⁴ *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614:

“What diapason's more in Tarquin's name

“Than in a subject's? or what's Tullia

“More in the sound, than should become the name

“Of a poor maid?” STEEVENS.

Now

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once⁵, that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil⁶ to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear: and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things,
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this⁷;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us⁸.

⁵ — *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus.* STEEV.

⁶ — *eternal devil*—] I should think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil.* JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil.* L. J. Brutus (says Cassius,) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a *dæmon*, as to the lasting government of a king. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *chew upon this*;) Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *Under these hard conditions as this time*

Is like to lay upon us.] *As*, in our authour's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that*. So, in North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579: "—inso much as they that saw it, thought he had been burnt."

MALONE.

Cas.

Cæs. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cæs. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret⁹ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights¹:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter²:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

⁹ — *ferret*.—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

¹ *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579. "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered them again, as for those fat men and smooth-cumbed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean-people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

² *'Would he were fatter:—*] Jonson in his *Bartholomew-fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. "Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee; an I can 'scape, thy lean moon-calf there." WARBURTON.

I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick³:
 Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

3 — *he hears no musick:*] Our authour considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that

“The man that hath no musick in his soul,

“Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.” MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets⁴;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man⁵.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation⁶, if I

⁴ — one of these coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “—he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.” STEEVENS.

⁵ no true man.—] No honest man. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

⁶ — a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi:

“—You that stood so much

“Upon the voice of occupation.” MALONE.

would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas.

Cæs. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd⁷: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me⁸. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar feast him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA,
with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

⁷ *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

From that it is dispos'd:] The best metal or temper may be worked
into qualities contrary to its original constitution. JOHNSON.

From that it is dispos'd, i. e. dispos'd to. See p. 128, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁸ *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*

He should not humour me.] The meaning I think is, Cæsar loves
Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not
humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me for-
get my principles. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Brought you Cæsar home?] Did you attend Cæsar home?*

JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 490, n. 4. MALONE.

Y 2

Casca

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth¹ shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too faucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave² (you know him well by sight) Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who gaz'd upon me, and went surly by³, Without annoying me: And there were drawn

Upon

¹ —sway of earth—] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe.

JOHNSON.

² *A common slave, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “—a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Who gaz'd upon me, and went surly by.*] The old copy reads—*glaz'd*, for which Mr. Pope substituted *glar'd*, and this reading has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to our ears a more forcible expression; I have however adopted a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, *gaz'd*, induced by the following passage in *Stowe's Chronicle*, 1615, from which the word *gaze* seems in our auhour's time to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion, and therefore may be presumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is describing a *trial of valour* (as he calls it,) between a lion, a bear, a stone-horse and a mastiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, diverse great lords, and many others: “—Then was the great *lyon* put forth, who *gazed* awhile, but never offered to assault or approach the bear.” Again: “—the above mentioned young lusty lyon and lyonefs were both

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose⁴ of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

both put together, to see if they would rescue the third, but they would not, but *fearfully* [that is, dreadfully] *gazed* upon the dogs." Again: "The lyon having fought long, and his tongue being torne, lay staring and panting a pretty while, so as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoyled and spent; and upon a sodaine *gazed* upon that dog which remained, and so soon as he had *spoyled* and *worried*, almost *destroyed* him."

In this last instance *gaz'd* seems to be used as exactly synonymous to the modern word *glar'd*, for the lion immediately afterwards proceeds to worry and destroy the dog. MALONE.

Glar'd is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly, or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

⁴ Clean from the purpose—] *Clean* is altogether, entirely. See Vol. V. p. 51, n. 9. MALONE.

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind⁵;
Why old men fools, and children calculate⁶;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,

⁵ *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;*] That is, Why, they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why all these things change from their ordinance. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *and children calculate;*] Calculate here signifies to foretell or prophecy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel]. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown⁷,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs⁸ like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears

⁷ — prodigious grown,] *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Have thews and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*:

“For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

“In *thewes* and bulk.”

The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made⁹: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca: and to such a man,
 That is no flearing tell-tale. Hold my hand¹:
 Be factious for redress² of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element,
 Is favour'd like the work³ we have in hand,

Most

⁹ *My answer must be made:*] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

¹ — *Hold my hand:*] is the same as, *Here's my hand.* JOHNSON.

² *Be factious for redress—*] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*.

JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

³ *Is favour'd like the work—*] The old edition reads:

Is favors, like the work—

I think we should read:

In favour's like the work we have in hand,

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Favour is look, countenance, appearance. JOHNSON.

To

Most bloody, fry, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you; Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Cas. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

To favour is to resemble. Thus Stanyhurst in his translation of the
Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

“With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes.”
We may read *It favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appearance or
countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

Cas.

Cæs. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,
 For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's Orchard⁴.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.

⁴ — *Brutus's orchard.*] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning. STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“—he hath left you all his walks,

“His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

“On this side Tiber.”

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: “He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.”

So also in Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: “A garden or an *orchard*, hortus.”—The truth is, that few of our ancestors had in the age of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was considered as synonymous to the former. MALONE.

⁵ When, *Lucius*, when? This was a common expression of impatience in Shakspeare's time. See Vol. V. p. 9, n. 8. MALONE.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power⁶: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof⁷,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back⁸,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees⁹
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind¹, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.

⁶ Remorse from power:] Remorse, for mercy. WARBURTON.

See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5; p. 112, n. 1; Vol. III. p. 74, n. 3; Vol. IV. p. 205, n. 2, and p. 544, n. 1. In all these passages it means, tenderness, pity, &c. MALONE.

Remorse is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. and Act V. STEEVENS.

⁷ — common proof,] It is proved by common experience. MASON.

⁸ But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:

“The aspirer, once attain'd unto the top,

“Cuts off those means by which himself got up:

“And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,

“Doth curb that looseness he did find before;

“Doubting the occasion like might serve again;

“His own example makes him fear the more.” MALONE.

⁹ — base degrees—] Low steps. JOHNSON.

¹ — as his kind,—] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, as *all those* of his kind, that is, nature. MALONE.

Searching

Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March²?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome—*Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days³. [*Knock within.*
Bru.

² *Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?*] The old copy has—the first of March. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer ; for our authour without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordance of yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the fifteenth of March is printed *Idus*. MALONE.

We can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar [A& I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [*—Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days*. So that the *morrow was the ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

³ — *March is wasted fourteen days.*] In former editions :

Sir,

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cæsius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma⁴, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council⁵; and the state of a man,

Like

Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

The editors are slightly mistaken: it was wasted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report. THEOB.

⁴ *Like a phantasma*,—] “A *phantasme*, says Bullokar, in his *English Expofitor*, 1616, is a vision, or imagined appearance.” MALONE.

⁵ *The genius, and the mortal instruments*,

Are then in council; &c.] Dr. Warburton has written a long note, which I have not preserved, because it is no just comment on the passage before us. The substance of it may be found in a letter written by him to Mr. Concanen, in 1726-7, which I published a few years ago, and which I shall subjoin at the end of this play, not as illustrating Shakespeare, but merely as a literary curiosity. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's pompous criticism [on this passage] might well have been shortened. The *genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. Shakespeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The word *genius* in our authour's time, meant either “a good angel or a familiar evil spirit,” and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 1616. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—and, under him,

“My *genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

“Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Thy *dæmon*, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is,” &c.

The more usual signification now affixed to this word was not known till several years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern sense in any book earlier than the Dictionary published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

Mortal is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*, So, in *Othello*:

“And you, ye *mortal engines*,” &c.

The

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁶ at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly passions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the "*mortal thoughts*," which excite each "*corporal agent*" to the performance of some arduous deed. So, as Mr. Mason has observed, in the play last mentioned:

"— I am settled, and bend up

"Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat."

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare seems to have been fond of. So, K. Richard II. speaking of himself:

"And these same thoughts people this *little world*."

Again, in K. Lear:

"Strives in his *little world of man* to outscorn

"The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Again, in K. John:

"— in the body of this *fleshy land*,

"This *kingdom*,—"

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the state of a man. Shakspeare is here speaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The passage above quoted from K. Lear does not militate against the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and "*the little world of man*" is thus circumscribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit*; &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here. MALONE.

There is a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears some resemblance to this:

"—— imagin'd worth

"Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,

"That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

"Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

"And batters 'gainst itself." MASON.

⁶ —your brother Cassius—] Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister.

STEEVENS.

By

By any mark of favour?⁷

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on⁸,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.

Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,

But honours you: and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of yourself,

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

⁷ — any mark of favour.] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

⁸ For if thou path, thy native semblance on,] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth
path."

Again, in his Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham:

"Parting young Henry's unadvised ways," STEEVENS.

Casca.

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, fir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery¹. But if these,

As

⁹ *No, not an oath: If not the face of men, &c.*] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the publick; in other terms, honour and reputation; or the face of men may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

So, Tully in *Catilinam*:—*Nil bonum ora vultusque moverunt?*

Shakspeare form'd this speech on the following passage in sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*: "The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. STEEVENS.

In this sentence, as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. if these be not sufficient; if these be motives weak," &c. So, in the *Tempest*:

"I have with such provision in mine art,

"So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

"No, not so much perdition, &c.

Mr. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faiths* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. MALONE.

¹ *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter?² and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests³, and cowards, and men cautelous⁴,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise⁵,
 Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,

custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

"By decimation, and a tythed death,

"Take thou thy fate." STEEVENS.

² And will not palter?] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiuersor*. In *Macbeth* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions: and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle*; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. MALONE.

³ Swear priests, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:

"When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?" &c.

Venice Preserved. JOHNSON.

⁴ — cautelous,] is here *cautious*; sometimes *insidious*. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"Witty, well spoken, cautelous, though young."

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Apolyn of Thyre*, 1610: "— a fallacious policy and cautelous wyle." Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945: "— the emperor's counsell thought by a cautell to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope." STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: "Warie, circumspect;" in which sense it is certainly used here.

MALONE.

⁵ The even virtue of our enterprise,] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Des. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards⁶:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit⁷,

And

⁶ — and envy afterwards:] Envy is here, as almost always in Shakespeare's plays, malice. See p. 42, n. 2; and p. 70, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterling has

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods*,
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds*:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself; take thought*, and die for Cæsar:

has the same thought. Brutus, remonstrating against the taking off of Anthony, says:

"Ah! ah! we must but too much murder see,

"That without doing evil cannot do good;

"And would the gods that Rome could be made free,

"Without the effusion of one drop of blood!" MALONE.

* — as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

"— Gradive, dedisti,

"Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

"Ludere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

"Fumus erat." *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEVENS.

* Not hew him as a carcase fit for bounds:] Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts:
 "—Cæsar turned himself no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them as a wild beast taken of hunters." MALONE.

* — take thought,] That is, turn melancholy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"What shall we do, Enobarbus?

"Think, and die."

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833: "—now they were without service, which caused them to take thought, inasmuch that some died by the way," &c.

STEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2. MALONE.

And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies²:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terrour of this night,
And the persuation of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er sway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes³,

Lions

² — quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:] Main opinion is leading fixed predominant opinion. JOHNSON.

Mr. Mason with some probability conjectures that Shakspeare wrote — mean opinion. The mistake might easily have happened, for in the age of Elizabeth the two words were, I believe, pronounced alike, as they are at this day in Warwickshire, and some other counties.

Fantasy was in our authour's time commonly used for imagination, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Raife up the organs of her *fantasy*."

In the latter, in the present play:

"Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*."

Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. So, afterwards:

"Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,

"Yet now they fright me." MALONE.

³ That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,] Unicorns are said to have

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.
 Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard*,
 Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
 I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 5 :

" Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre
 " A prow'd rebellious *unicorne* defies ;
 " T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 " Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies :
 " And when him running in full course he spies,
 " He slips aside ; the whiles the furious beast
 " His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
 " Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 " But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast."

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607 :

" An angry *unicorne* in his full career
 " Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
 " That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
 " And e'er he could get shelter of a tree,
 " Nail him with his rich antler to the earth."

Bears are reported to have been surpris'd by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was expos'd. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII. STEEVENS.

* — *bear* Cæsar hard,] Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the latter folios read *hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first scene of the following act :
 " — I do beseech you, if you *bear me hard*:" and has already occur'd in a former one :

" Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus." STEEVENS.

Hatred was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. MALONE.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him⁵;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,
Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes⁶;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;

⁵ — *by him*:] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. MALONE.

⁶ *Let not our looks, &c.*] Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or shew our designs. JOHNSON.

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition⁷,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you⁸, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

⁷ — on your condition,—] On your temper; the disposition of your mind. See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

⁸ I charm you—] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — ’tis your graces,

“ That from my muteest conscience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
 To keep with you at meals⁹, comfort your bed¹,

And

⁹ *To keep with you at meals, &c.*] “I being, O Brutus, (sayd she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefel- lowe and companion in bedde and at borde onellie, like a harlot; but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I shoue my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a woman’s wit commonly is too weake to keepe a se- cret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of ver- tuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grife whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.” *Sir Tho. North’s Translat. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

Here also we find our authour and lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

“I was not, Brutus, match’d with thee, to be

“A partner only of thy board and bed;

“Each servile whore in those might equal me,

“That did herself to nought but pleasure wed.

“No;—Portia spous’d thee with a mind t’ abide

“Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;

“With chains of mutual love together ty’d,

“As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls, one will.” *Julius Cæsar*, 1607. MALONE.

¹ — *comfort your bed*,] “is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea,” says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *confort*. But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish’s *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine, in public said, “She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish.” UPTON.

In the books of entries at Stationers’ Hall, I meet with the follow- ing: 1598. “*A conversation betweene a careful Wyfe and her comfort- able Husband.*” STEEVENS.

In

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs¹
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman²; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, says, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to solace, to make pastime." COLLINS.

² — in the suburbs—] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:

"Get a new mistress,
Some suburb saint, that sixpence, and some oaths
Will draw to parley." STEEVENS.

³ I grant, I am a woman, &c.] So, lord Sterling:

"And though our sex too talkative be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,
For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,
Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;
Good education may reform defects,
And I this vantage have to a virtuous life,
Which others' minds do want and mine respects,
I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife." MALONE.

All

All the charactery⁴ of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.

[Exit PORTIA.]

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks⁵?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief⁶? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

⁴ — all the charactery —] i. e. all that is character'd on, &c. The word has already occur'd in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 110, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ — who is that, knocks?] i. e. who is that, who knocks? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—who's there that knocks? and a fifth has, who's that, that knocks? MALONE.

⁶ O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief?] So, in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, translated by North: "—Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) if thou hast any great enterprife in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole." Lord Sterling also has introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar*:

"By sickness being imprison'd in his bed

"Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick,

"When I had said with words that anguish bred,

"In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?

"He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,

"Or that he had imagin'd my design,

"If worthy of thyself thou would'st do ought,

"Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine." MALONE.

Thou

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also, What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

⁷ *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up—*] It has been already observed, that *exorcist* in Shakespeare's age signified one who swifes spirits by enchantment. See Vol. III. p. 476, n. 7. MALONE.

Cal.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies⁸,
 Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead⁹:
 Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war¹,
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air²,
 Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar!

⁸ *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,

"I should not cross myself at any time:

"I never was so ceremonious."

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition."

STEEVENS..

⁹ *And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: &c.*] So, in a funeral song in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Graves yawn, and yield your dead."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

"The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

"Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." MALONE.

¹ *Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,*

In ranks and squadrons, and right forms of war,] So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"I will perfit a terror to the world;

"Making the meteors that like armed men

"Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,

"Run tilting round about the firmament,

"And break their burning launces in the ayre,

"For honour of my wondrous victories." MALONE.

² *The noise of battle hurtled in the air,*] To *burtle* is, I suppose, to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Here the Polonian he comes *burtling* in,

"Under the conduct of some foreign prince."

Again, *ibid*:

"To tofs the spear, and in a warlike gyre

"To *burtle* my sharp sword about my head."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *As You Like it*:

" — in

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes³.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths⁴;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard⁵, It

" — in which *burling*,

" From miserable slumber I awak'd" STEEVENS.

Again, in *The History of Arifur*, P. I. c. 14: "They made both the Northumberland battailes to *burtle* together." BOWLE.

To *burtle* originally signified to *push* violently; and, as in such an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to have been used in the sense of *to clasp*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, v. 2618:

" And he him *burtletb* with his hors adoun." MALONE.

³ When beggars die, there are no comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.] "Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part,) after *blazing starres*; as if *they were the summoners of God to call princes to the seat of judgment*. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] blaze when princes dye. *Defensative against the poison of supposed Prophecies*, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, *ibid*: "Let us look into the nature of a comet, by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, warre, or the death of potentates." MALONE.

⁴ Cowards die many times before their deaths;] So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

" Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies:

" A hundred times in life a coward dies."

Lord Effex, probably before either of these writers, made the same remark. In a letter to lord Rutland, he observes, "that as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so he *that doth live in fear, doth die continually*." MALONE.

"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death." *Sir Tb. North's Transl. of Plutarch*. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *that I yet have heard,*] This sentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris king of Egypt*:

" Didst

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end⁶,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice⁷;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions' litter'd in one day⁸,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

⁶ Didst thou not fear?

⁷ Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear.

⁸ 'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;

⁹ And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,

¹⁰ Thy master is immortal." — STERVENs.

⁶ — death, a necessary end, &c.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁷ — in shame of cowardice:] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

⁸ We are two lions, &c.] The reading of the old copy—We *beare* two lions, &c. is undoubtedly erroneous. The emendation was made by Mr. Upton. Mr. Theobald reads—We *were*, &c. and this reading is so plausible, that it is not easy to determine, which of the two has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shaksperian. It may mean the same as if he had written,—We two lions *were* litter'd in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. MALONE.

This resembles the boast of Otho:

Experiri invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna. Tacitus, STERVENs.

Cæs.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day ;
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth ?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home ;
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which
Like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press

⁹ And these she does apply for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent ;] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that
we should read :

“ — warnings and portents

Of evils imminent ; — STEEVENS

For

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance¹.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; The senate have concluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,

Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable².

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,

CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

¹ — and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it "a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing." See p. 374.

"And dip their napkins", &c. MALONE.

² *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Bru.

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Alas.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come
not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius;
mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not;
thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind
in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st
not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspi-
racy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover³,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive⁴.

[*Exit,*

³ — *Thy lover,*] See p. 283, n. 4. MALONE.

⁴ — *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well :
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,

[Why dost thou stay ? &c.] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of K. Richard the third's mind by the same incident :

“ — Dull, unmindful villain !

“ Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?—

“ *Car.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

“ What from your grace I shall deliver to him.” STEEVENS.

To

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit*,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

* *Brutus hath a suit, &c.*] These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*advances to Cæsar.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back*,

For

* *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote:
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back.

The next line strongly supports this conjecture. If the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by "*prevention*," which is the case supposed, Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from "*turning back*" (allowing "*turn back*" to be used for *return back*); and in all events this conspirator's "*slaying himself*" could not produce that effect.

The passage in Plutarch's life of Brutus, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his thoughts, adds such strength to this emendation, that if it had been proposed by any former editor, I should have given it a place in the text. "*Popilius Læna, that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprize to pass, went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke.—*

Wherefore the conspirators—conjecturing by that he had tolde them a little before, that his talke was none other but the verie discoverie of their conspiracie, they were affrayed everie man of them, and one looking in another's face, it was easie to see that they were all of a minde, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own bandes. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their handes on their swordes under their gownes to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, &c. with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius." &c.

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to kill themselves, if they were discovered. Shakspeare was induced to give
this

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the
Senators take their seats.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest⁶: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand⁷.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart:—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
And turn pre-ordinance⁸, and first decree,
Into the law of children⁹. Be not fond,

To

this sentiment to *Cassius*, as being exactly agreeable to his character,
and to that spirit which has appeared in a former scene :

“ I know where I will wear this dagger then ;

“ Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.” MALONE.

⁶ *He is addrest:*] i. e. he is ready. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 514, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ — *you are the first that rears your hand.*] To reduce the passage to
the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his
hand.* TYRWHITT.

⁸ *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already
established. WARBURTON.

⁹ *Into the law of children.*] The old copy has—the *lane* of children.
The *w* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *n* only by a small curl at the
bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could
scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated therefore to adopt Dr. John-
son's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support
it. MALONE.

I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should
read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into
the law of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will
would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distin-
guished. JOHNSON.

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied¹.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:

"A narrow-minded man! my thoughts do dwell

"All in a lane."

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarg'd. So, in *Hamlet*:

"For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

"In thewes and bulk; but as this temple waxes,

"The inward service of the mind and soul,

"Grows wide withal."

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. STEEVENS.

¹ *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause*

Will be be satisfied.] Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*. "Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with just cause?*" STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause;

Nor without cause will be be satisfied.

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censorer that his criticism was ill-sounded; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuria*; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson

continued

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one²
That unassailat³ holds on his rank⁴,
Unshak'd of motion⁵: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel⁵?

Cæsa.

continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? TYRWH.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucretia*:

"Time's glory is —"

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right." MALONE.

² — *apprehensive*;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iii: "—makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive," &c. STEEVENS.

³ — *but one*—] One and only one. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, To *hold a rank*, and To *hold on a course or way*. JOHNS.

⁵ *Unshak'd of motion*:] i. e. Unshak'd by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to move the person addressed. MALONE.

⁵ *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read:

Do not Brutus bootless kneel! JOHNSON.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute⁶:—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*
Cin.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Tbou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality?* STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By *Brutus* here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because he has confounded him with Decimus, (or Decius as he calls him); and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him "*his well-beloved*;" whereas in fact it was *Decimus Brutus* that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by his will his *second heir*, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

⁶ *Et tu, Brute?*—] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæsar's gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and stayed." Being then assailed on all sides, "with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word-uttered*,) and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *val' er'rimus*, and *tbou, my sonne*." Holland's Translation, 1606.

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our authour has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says that on receiving his first wound from *Casca*, "he caught hold of *Casca's* sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca, what dost thou?* and *Casca* in Greek to his brother, *Brother, help me*."—The conspirators then "compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound about the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid,

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus?

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else⁸: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie,
but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawn in his hande, then
he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance."

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with
this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old
play, entitled *The True Tragedie of Riccharde Duke of Yorke, &c.* printed
in 1600, on which he formed his third part of *King Henry VI.*

"*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*"

This line Shakspeare rejected when he wrote the piece above men-
tioned, (see Vol. VI. p. 371, n. 8.) but it appears it had made an im-
pression, on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolastus his*
After-witte, a poem by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600:

"*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*"

"Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd."

So, in Cæsar's Legend, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587.

"O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pierc'd my breast;

"*And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.*"

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's play on
this subject. See p. 307, n. 1. MALONE.

⁷ *Go to the pulpit, &c.*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shaks-
peare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his
hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the croud. It may be added,
that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little
advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Nor to no Roman else:*] This use of two negatives, not to make an
affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser,
and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon,
even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a nega-
tive signification. STEEVENS.

Rushing

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,⁹
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In state unborn*, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

⁹ *Stoop, Romans, stoop, &c.*] Plutarch, in the *Life of Cæsar*, says;
“ Brutus and his followers; being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a
body from the senate house to the Capitol, with their drawn swords,
with an air of confidence and assurance.” And in the *Life of Brutus*,—
“ Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their
way, shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd
liberty to the people.” THEOBALD.

* — in state unborn,—] In theatrick pomp yet undisplayed.

Cæs. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. *[Exit Servant.]*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank¹ :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brut. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity *,)
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
 Our arms, in strength of malice², and our hearts,

Of

¹ — who else is rank ;] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety. JOHNSON.

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with blood? So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Rain added to a river that is rank,

“ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.”

See also Vol. IV. p. 560, n. 4. MALONE.

* As fire drives out fire, &c.] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ One fire drives out one fire ; one nail one nail.” MALONE.

² Our arms, in strength of, &c.] To you, (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points : our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection. The supposition that Brutus meant, their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. STEEVENS.

One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts,

“ With an unslipping knot.”

Again,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna:—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love³, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Again, *ibid*:

“The heart of brothers governs in our love!” MALONE.

³ *Though last, not least in love,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“Although the last, not least in our dear love.”

The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited before
the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Sign'd

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe⁴.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
 But what compâct mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you—
 You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
 That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd

⁴ — crimson'd in thy lethe.] *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,

“Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

“For vengeance wings bring on thy *letbal* day.”

Dr. Farmer observes that we meet with *letbal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*. STEEVENS.

By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times⁵.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths⁶, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men⁷ ;

Domestick

⁵ — in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times. JOHNSON.

⁶ Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in *A Warning for faire Women*,
a tragedy, 1599 :

“ — I gave him fifteen wounds,

“ Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me :

“ In every wound there is a bloody tongue,

“ Which will all speak, although he hold his peace.” MALONE.

⁷ A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;] He means not mankind
in

Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,²
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*³, and let slip the dogs of war;

That
 in general, but those *Romans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to wounds in the civil wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent words,—“the parts of Italy,” and “in these confines”.

MALONE.
 Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on the limbs of men, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation all over Italy. So, in Phaer's Version of the third *Æneid*:

“The skies corrupted were, that trees and corn destroyed to nought,

“And limmes of men consuming rottes,” &c. Sign. E. 1. edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

² And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]

“—umbræque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan.* lib. 1.

“Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“Admovet atra dies; Stygiisque emissæ tenebris

“Mors fruitur cælo, bellatoremque volando

“Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

Stat. Theb. VIII.

“—Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis,” *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

³ Cry *Havock*, &c.] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Marschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

“The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v.”

“Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*.”

“Also that no man be so hardy as to cry *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes¹,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet²;

the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis: and the persones
of such as foloweth & escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and
Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made syn; and founde
suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—”

JOHNSON.

See p. 382, n. 1. To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical
phrase of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,

“ To let him slip at will.”

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare
probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,

“ Assume the part of *Mars*; and, at his heels,

“ Leash'd in like bounds, should *famine, sword, and fire,*

“ Crouch for employment.”

The same observation, is made by Steele in the *TATLER*, No. 137.

MALONE.

¹ — for mine eyes,] Old Copy—from mine eyes. Corrected by the
editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² No Rome of safety, &c.] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the
words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least coun-
tenanced in it by other authors. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

“ — You shall have my *room*,

“ My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,

“ Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.” STEEVENS.

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]*

S C E N E II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
 friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
 And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2. *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
 When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.]

3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended; Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers³! hear me for my
 cause;

3 — *countrymen, and lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would

cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY, and Others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As

would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that sits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. *WARBURTON.*

This artificial gingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity.

STEVENS.

which of you shall not ? With this I depart ; That, as I slew my best lover⁴ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live ! live !

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2. *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit,

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair ;
We'll hear him :—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

⁴ — as I slew my best lover—] See p. 283, n. 4. MALONE.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me⁵.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings,

5 *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,*

And I must pause till it come back to me.] Perhaps our authour recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ As for my love, say, Antony hath all ;

“ Say, that *my heart is gone into the grave*

“ With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.” MALONE.

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony,

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor⁶ to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins⁷ in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

⁶ *And none so poor* —] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

⁷ — *their napkins*. —] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

Napkin is the northern term for *bandkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our authour frequently uses the word. See Vol. III. p. 211, n. 9. and Vol. IV. p. 337, n. 7. MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
 I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read
 the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel²:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
 This was the most unkindest cut of all:
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue¹,
 Which all the while ran blood³, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity³: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors⁴.

² For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*. STEEV.

¹ Even at the base of Pompey's statue,] It is not our authour's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—at Pompey's *statua*. The word was not yet completely denizen'd in his time. Beaumont, in his *Masque*, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuaes*. Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² Which all the while ran blood,] The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

So, in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) "—against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore blood, till he was slain." MALONE.

³ The dint of pity:] is the impression of pity. The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyfes*:

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your parte,

"The *dent* of death, &c."

Again, *ibid*:

"He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or els by choking rope."

STEEVENS.

⁴ Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.] To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to lacerate. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

"This point will *mar* her skin," MALONE.

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2. *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *Cit.* O woeful day!

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1. *Cit.* O most bloody fight!

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: revenge; about,—seek,
—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
For I have neither writ^s, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

⁵ For I have neither writ,—] I have no *penned* and premeditated
oration. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“Now, my good lord, let's see the devil's *writ*.”

i. e. *writing*. Again, in *Hamlet*: “—the law of *writ* and the liberty.”—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*. *Wit* in our authour's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding*. Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence? MALONE.

The

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

3. *Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas⁶.

2. *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber⁷; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

⁶ — *seventy-five* drachmas.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob. STEEV.

⁷ *On this side Tiber*;] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter;

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos, says Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river: and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that side Tyber;—

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's* study lay. "He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber," FARMER.

1. *Cit.* Never, never :—Come, away, away :
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses³.
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischiefe, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. 9

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

³ — fire the traitors' houses.] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire all the traitors' houses; but fire was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, fier. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams :

“ Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

“ Of English fier and of Indian smoke !” STEEVENS.

⁹ Scene III.] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?
2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly,

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's house¹.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live²,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

¹ *A room in Antony's house.*] Mr. Theobald observes, from Plutarch and Appian, that the triumvirs met to adjust their proscription in a little island near Mutina, on the river Lavinius. But it is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONE.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereupon all three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an island enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood and holines of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will, Antonius also forlooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vnclie by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

"*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

"*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

² *Upon condition, Publius shall not live.*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes, that Shakspeare wrote:

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him³.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold⁴,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

³ — damn him.] i. e. condemn him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Vouchsafe to give my damned husband life.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Kinghtes Tale*, v. 1747.

“— by your confession

“Hath damned you, and I wol it recorde.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — as the ass bears gold,] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

“— like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

“Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

“Till death unloads thee.” STEEVENS.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations⁵;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost⁶;
 And let us presently go sit in council,

How

5 — one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations;] It is easy to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, should call him *barren-spirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *speculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is represented as inquisitive about the structures of Egypt, and that too when he is almost in a state of intoxication. Antony, as at present, makes a jest of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reasonable questions.

Objects, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this sense Shakspeare uses the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an instance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the same occasion. A man who can avail himself of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Theobald, in the rage of innovation, reads—On *object* arts, &c.

MALONE.

⁶ *Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost;]* In the old copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;—

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out.

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *stretch'd out*, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does *means*, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable

How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

O. Let us do so: for we are at the stake⁷,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt*;

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers⁸,

Hath

able that the omission was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays;) and that the authour wrote, as I have printed:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.

So, in a former scene:

“ — and, you know, his means,

“ If he improve them, may well stretch so far, — ”.

Again, in the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which, I trust, will justify the emendation, now made:

“ — for thy revenge,

“ Wrench up your power to the biggest.” MALONE.

7 — at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, Act V:

“ They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,

“ But bear-like I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

⁸ In his own change, or by ill officers,] Dr. Warburton, without any necessity, reads—By his own charge, &c. that is, “either by those under his own immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust.” MALONE.

Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read:

In

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand ho! Speak the word along.

In his own change, or by ill offices,—

That is, either *changing* his inclination of himself, or by the ill offices
and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus
charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption.

STEEVENS.

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account
of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius,

“Thou hast describ'd

“*A hot friend cooling.*”

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. MASON.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs * softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence⁹ should bear his comment.

* — your griefs—] i. e. your grievances. See Vol. IV. p. 50, n. 3,
and Vol. V. p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

9 — every nice offence—] i. e. small trifling offence. WARBURTON.
So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V:

“The letter was not nice, but full of charge,

“Of dear import.” STEEVENS.

Bru.

Br. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Br. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Br. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me²,

I'll

¹ *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,*

And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.

² *Brutus, bait not me,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our authour having in *Troilus and Cressida* used the word *bay* in the same sense:

“What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him!”

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. “I will not yield,” says Macbeth,

“To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

“And to be *baited* with the rabble's curse,”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“— why stay we to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?”

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in³; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice⁴, abler than yourself
To make conditions⁵.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

So, also in a comedy entitled *How to choose a good wife from a bad*,
1602:

"Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom

"Am I thus baited?" MALONE.

³ *To hedge me in;*] That is, to limit my authority by your direction
or censure. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *I am a soldier, I,*

Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern
editors, instead of *I* have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands
for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the
authority of the following line:

"And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus, I." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 329, n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to
confer the offices which are at my disposal. JOHNSON.

Cas.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

6 — *than to wring*

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,] This is a noble
sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimit-
ably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use
force in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great labour
and pains in acquiring, and his great *unwillingness* to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me⁷.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth⁸;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

⁷ *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.*

JOHNSON.

⁸ *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; &c.*] I think he means, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by shewing that he was a Roman.

JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 395:

"Now, as you art a Roman, tell me true." BLACKSTONE.

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet 9.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?

⁹ *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phœnius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. STEEVENS.

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye¹.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?²
Companion, hence³.

Cas.

¹ *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;*

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer*:

Ἄλλα, ὦ θεοὶ ἄμφοτέρω ἰσθὶ ἐμείο.

which is thus given in sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

"For I have seen more years than such ye three." STEEVENS.

² *What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?* i. e. with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our authour's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*:

"A jig shall be clapp'd at, and every rhyme

"Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jiggling*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that "*he had hung himself up in chains over our poet's grave,*" having boasted in his preface, that "*his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together,*" I some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much smaller than that above-mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our antient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO*!! It is highly probable that many have yet escaped my notice.

MALONE.

³ *Companion, hence.]* *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many

Cæs. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cæs. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cæs. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cæs. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cæs. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cæs. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
'And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire⁴.

Cæs. And dy'd so?

Bru.

many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow.* So, in *K. Henry IV.*
Part II. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

“—I scorn you, scurvy companion,” &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is
taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia
wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in
poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I
think, to have died at Rome in a lingering illness while Brutus was
abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a deroga-
tion from a distinguished character. STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself
on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's
account in the *Life of Brutus* is as follows: “And for Portia, Brutus’
wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that
she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and frends carefullie look-
ing to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them
into her mouth and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe.—

There

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine, and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence* ; that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe, choosung to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the maner of her death." North's *Translation.*

See also Martial, l. i. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life ; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus.

Our authour therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation. MALONE.

And

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art^s as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,

These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

^s — in art—] That is, in theory. MALONE.

That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men⁶,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewel, good
 Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!
 Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well,

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

⁶ *There is a tide, &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country*:

“*There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“*To make his happiness, if then he seize it,*” &c. STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Buffy d' Ambois*, 1607:

“*There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,*

“*For each man's good; when which nick comes, it strikes.*

“*So no one riseth by his real merit,*

“*But when it cries click in his raiser's spirit.*” MALONE:

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowfily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Serv. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. Is it well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

[*Musick, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace⁷ upon my boy,
That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again⁸?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Bru.

⁷ — *thy leaden mace*—] A *mace* is the ancient term for a scepter. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“—look upon my stately grace,

“Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*, &c.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x:

“Who mightily upheld that royal *mace*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Well; Then I shall see thee again?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body.” This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

“Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all.”

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7.

STEEVENS.

The

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
 Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
 Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—
 Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
 Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's life of *Brutus*. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the life of *Cæsar*: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, shewed plainly that the goddess were offended with the murder of *Cæsar*. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippi. Then Brutus replied agayne, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him."

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italicks, that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts as well as the other. MAIONE.

Bid

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us⁹ at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery¹, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

⁹ — warn us—] To *warn* is to summon. So, in *K. John*.

“Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Richard III*.

“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers Company, the word is always used in this sense. “Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of the house.” STEEVENS.

¹ *With fearful bravery*,] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay*. *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense;—*producing fear*,—*intimidating*.

MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown²;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and fountless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca³, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

² *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—is yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's. MALONE.

³ *—Casca.—*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cæsius might have rul'd.

Oth. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds⁴
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oth. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cæsius still!

Oth. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim,
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala⁵,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was

⁴ — *three and twenty wounds*—] Old Copy—*three and thirty*.
Corrected from Plutarch, by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁵ *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken
from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*.

"But touching Cæsius, Messala reporteth that he supped by him-
selfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he
looked

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign⁶
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, bicause it was his birth-day."

STEEVENS.

⁶ — *our former ensign*—] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. ii. Either word [*former* and *foremost*] has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon *forþma*, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

D d 2

Cas.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?⁷

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy⁸,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,

But

⁷ *The very last time we shall speak together:*

What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

⁸ — *of that philosophy,*] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in Sir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongest men are most vncertayne, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardly meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly, or dye? Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will look no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde."

STEEVENS.

I see

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life⁹:—arming myself with patience¹,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun^{*};
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (page 410,) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

⁹ — *so to prevent*

The time of life:] To *prevent* is here used in a French sense—to anticipate. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period.

MALONE.

¹ — *arming myself with patience, &c.*] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

^{*} — *the ides of March begun;*] Our authour ought to have written —*began*. For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable.

MALONE.

D d 3

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The same. The field of battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, and MESSALA.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills²
 Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. [*Excunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. Another part of the field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly ; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough³.—Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are

² — *give these bills*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : “ In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell,” &c. STEEVENS.

³ *This hill is far enough, &c.*] Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch* : “ So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine : howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus⁴, get higher on that hill⁵;
My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first: time is come round⁶,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;

a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefeft frendes, they showted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow; but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more."

⁴ *Go, Pindarus*]. This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *get higher on that hill*—] Our authour perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration. MALONE.

⁶ — *time is come round*,] So, in *K. Lear*, the Bastard, dying says:

"The wheel is come full circle." STEEVENS.

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—

Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—

Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and,
hark!

[*Shout.*

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will, O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

7 — *Sirrah, what news?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not advertiog to this, reads—*Now*, what news? See Vol. IV. p. 396, n. 8. MALONE.

Tit.

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MESSALA.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their

shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*dies.*

Alarum.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!—

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these!—

The last of all the Romans⁸; fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos⁹ send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius¹, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

⁸ *The last of all the Romans,*] From the old translation of Plutarch:
“So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the
death of Cassius, calling him *THE last of all the Romans, being impos-*
sible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valliant a man as
he, he caused his bodie to be buried.” &c.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read, as we should now
write,—*Thou last*, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shakspeare's
age. See Vol. VI. p 384, n. 3. MALONE.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*, Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod
Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. Suet. Tiber. Lib. III.
c. 61. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *and to Thassos*—] Old Copy—*Thorsus*. Corrected by Mr.
Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thassos* in sir Thomas North's Translation. STEEVENS.

¹ *Labeo and Flavius*—] Old Copy—*Flavio*. Corrected by the editor
of the second folio. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.**Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho²! [*charges the enemy.*]*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;

And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son³.1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.*Luc.* Only I yield to die:There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight⁴;[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1. *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!2. *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news⁵.—Here comes the general:—² *I am the son of Marcus Cato*—] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name," &c. STEEVENS.³ — being Cato's son.] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.⁴ *Luc.* Only I yield to die:There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou diest*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.⁵ *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads: *I'll tell thee news.*—

JOHNSON.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony⁶; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light⁷; but, my lord,

He

⁶ *Safe, Antony;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend," &c.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.*] So, in the old translation of

Plutarch:

He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*whispering.*]

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

[*whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Plutarch: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a torch-light in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The torch-light was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not againe, he say'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhooe, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and unjust men, haue slaine good men, to vsurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing sayd so, he prayed every man to shift for them selues, and then he went a litle aside," &c. STEEVENS.

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Alarum.
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts^s, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato⁹.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

^s — *my sword-hilts*.—] So the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 408.

“ — with this good sword,

“ That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

“ Stand not to answer; here take thou the *hilts*.”

Again, in the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587:

“ — a naked sword he had,

“ That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued.”

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time,—*my sword's hilt*. MALONE.

⁹ *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions: I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

I found

I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

OÆ. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee Brutus,
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OÆ. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OÆ. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he¹,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man*²!

Of.

¹ — [*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that all of them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him.” *STEEVENS.*

² — *the elements*

*So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man.*] So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

“He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
“In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
“*In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*
“That none to one could sov'reignty impute;
“As all did govern, so did all obey:
“He of a temper was so absolute,
“As that it seem'd, when nature him began,
“She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. *STEEVENS.*

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of the *Barons' Wars*, under the title of *MORTIMERIADOS, the lamentable civill warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons*: Printed by J. R. for Humfry Lownes, and are to be solde at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo in 1602; but it did not contain the *Barons' Wars* in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

“Such one he was, (of him we boldly say,)
“In whose rich soule all soveraigne powres did sute,
“*In whom in peace the elements all lay*
“So mixt, as none could soveraintie impute;

“As

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
 With all respect, and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
 So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day³. [Exeunt.

“ As all did govern, yet all did obey;
 “ His lively temper was so absolute,
 “ That 't seem'd, when *heaven his modell first began*,
 “ *In him it shew'd perfection in a man.*”

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo, 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakspeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this stanza; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the *altered* stanza he certainly was. He probably had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the Ms. MALONE.

³ Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act. MALONE.

* * The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second act of this play, “The genius and the mortal instruments,” &c. (see p. 333, n. 5,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the public in the following note on Dr. Akenfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works:

“During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forthwith, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.”

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason, why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick :

“ —Duncan is in his grave ;

“ After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;

“ Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,

“ Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing

“ Can touch him further.”

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

“ Dear Sir,

“ having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I us'd to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources ; and observe what oar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius : Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind these idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius* : For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day an hour of virtuous liberty

Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Æt* 2. *Sc.* 1.

Tully.

Quod si immortalitas consequeretur presentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or.* 10^a.

Addison.

Bid him disband his legions

Restore the commonwealth to liberty

Submit his actions to the public censure,

And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,

Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully.

Pacem vult ? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5^a.

Addison.

—— But what is life ?

'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air

From time to time——

'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid and has lost its relish. *Sc.* 3.

Tully.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino
servienti. *Philipp.* 101.

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.
O never let it perish in your hands. *Act* 3. *Sc.* 5.

Tully. —Hanc [libertatem scilicet] retinete, quæso, Quirites,
quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reli-
querunt. *Philippi.* 4^a.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of Empire,
The nurse of Heroes the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium
gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum. *de Oratore.*

“ The first half of the 5 *Sc.* 3 *Act.* is nothing but a transcript from
the 9 book of *Lucan* between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by
this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting
sentiments worthy the Roman *Cato* sought for them in *Tully* and *Lu-*
can. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which *Dion.*
Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in *Homer*, he takes
the assistance of our *Shakespear*, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted
the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear
our British *Homer*.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream
The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in council, and the state of Man
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, & big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this
exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of *Shakespear's*
description, the fortunes of *Cæsar* and the roman Empire were con-
cerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

“ The genius and the mortal instruments
are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd
have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of *Syphax* and the rape
of *Sempronius*, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other
thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and
affected with the pomp of *Sh:*s description, that instead of copying his
author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks
of his own impressions on the reading him. For,

E e 2

“ O 'tis

" O'tis a dreadful interval of time

" Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

" —all the Int'rim is

" Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&c,

" The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

" The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison would paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

" True she is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex;

" Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk!

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I shou'd now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakspeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, Sr, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus.]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodward's at the
half moon in Fleetstreet
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane-court, Fleet-street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied; with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766.

M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akenfide, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to ——— Esq. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned.

MALONE.

Persons Represented.

M. Antony.
Octavia's Sister.
M. A. Lepidus.
M. A. Pompey.

Dominus Lepidus.
Venerius.
Fros.
Sextus.
Dervetus.
Dervetus.
Philis.
Mecenas.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Proculeius.
Thyrsus.
Gallus.
Menas.

Mecenas.
Mecenas.
Mecenas.

Taurus, Lieutenant-General to Caesar.
Candidus, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
Silius, an Officer in Venerius's army.
An Officer, formerly Antony's Captain.

Alexander, Medius, Seleucus, and Dionides, Attendants on Cleopatra.

Cleopatra.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

Octavia, Sister to Caesar, and Wife to Antony.

Charmian, Attendant on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Mariners, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Laid in several parts of the Roman Empire.

Persons Represented.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus, } *Friends of Antony.*
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo,

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella, } *Friends to Cæsar.*
Procoleius,

Thyreus,
Gallus,
Menas, } *Friends of Pompey.*
Menecrates,
Varrius,

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*

An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra,*
Iras,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's²
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges³ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsey's lust⁴. Look, where they come!

Flourish.

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra* was written, I imagine, in the year 1608.
See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

² — *of our general's*—] It has already been observed that this phraseology (not, of *our general*,) was the common phraseology of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. IV. p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

³ — *reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

So, in *K. Lear*: "*Reneg, affirm*," &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst in his version of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *renegeth*."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*

To cool a gypsey's lust.] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the authour, who might perhaps have written:

— *is become the bellows and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypsey's lust. JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to *kindle*: "*Methinks Venus and Nature stand with each of them a pair of bellows, one cooling my low birth, the other kindling my lofty affections.*" STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an

instrument

424 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take good note, and you shall see in him
The tripple pillar⁵ of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd⁶.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn⁷ how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth⁸.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum⁹.

instrument of wind, without attending to the domestick use to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Then, with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,

"To fan and blow them dry again, she seeks."

The following lines in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix. at once support and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, left by mischaunce

"It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,

"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,

"A huge great payre of bellowes, which did styre

"Continually, and cooling breath inspyre." MALONE.

—*gypsy's lust*.—] *Gypsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The tripple pillar*.—] *Tripple* is here used improperly for *third*, or one of three. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

"He bade me store up as a tripple eye." MALONE.

⁶ *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They are but beggars that can count their worth."

"*Basia pauci cupit, qui numerare potest.*"

Mart. I. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*bound*.—] Bound or limit. POPE.

⁸ *Then must thou needs find out new beaven, &c*] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*The sum*.] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 425

Cleo. Nay, hear them *, Antony :
Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom¹, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process² ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—
Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall³ ! Here is my space ;

* *Nay, bear them,*] i. e. the *news*. This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "Anto-
pius hearing *these* newes," &c. MALONE.

¹ *Take in that kingdom,*] i. e. Subdue that kingdom. See p. 160, n. 8.
MALONE.

² *Where's Fulvia's process?*] *Process* here means *summons*. MASON.
"The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *pro-
cess*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." Min-
shew's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Processe*.—"To serve with *processe*. Vide to
cite, to *summon*." *Ibid.* MALONE.

³ —and the wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall!] Taken from the Roman custom of
raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble.
WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabrick
standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* em-
pire, for the *rang'd* empire, as it was first given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same ex-
pression in *Coriolanus*:

"—bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,

"In heaps and piles of ruin."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. sc. ii: "Whatsoever comes
athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine." STEEVENS.

The term *range* seems to have been applied in a peculiar sense to
mason-work in our authour's time. So, in Spenser's *F.* 2. B. II. c. ix.

"It was a vaulty-built for great dispende,

"With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." MALONE.

Kingdoms

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Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [embracing.
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet⁴,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra⁵.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours⁶,
Let's not confound the time⁷ with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep⁸ ; whose every passion fully strives⁹

⁴ — to weet,] To know. POPE.

⁵ But stirr'd by Cleopatra.] But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except*. Antony, says the queen, will recollect his thoughts. Unless kept, he replies, in commotion by Cleopatra. JOHNSON.

⁶ Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,] For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Let Love, being light, be drowned if *she* sink.”

Mr. Rowe substituted *his* for *her*, and this unjustifiable alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁷ Let's not confound the time—] i. e. let us not consume the time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,

“ And bring thy news so late ?” MALONE.

⁸ Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

To weep ;—] So, in our authour's 150th Sonnet :

“ Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

“ That in the very refuse of thy deeds

“ There is such strength and warrantise of skill,

“ That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?” MALONE.

⁹ — whose every passion fully strives] The folio reads—*who*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe ; but “ *whose every passion*” was not, I suspect, the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 427

To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone¹,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people². Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar³, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer⁴.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
fayer

¹ *No messenger; but thine and all alone,*] Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

² *To-night, we'll wander through the streets, &c.*] So, in sir Thomas North's *Translation of the Life of Antonius*: "—Sometime also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore men's windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber-maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *That he approves the common liar,—*] That he *proves* the common liar, *same*, in his case to be a true reporter. MALONE.

⁴ *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, Lamprias, a Southfayer, Rannius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments

layer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands^s!

Alex.

tertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction. STEEVENS.

^s — charge his horns with garlands [} *Charge* his horns is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*must charge his horns with garlands*. i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his garlands. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes* of garlands. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: “— with a cloak of some py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about.” *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified variety of them. *Coriolanus* says that he has received “*change* of honours” from the Patricians. Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was sometimes omitted both in Ms. and print, and the omission thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *change* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *change*; which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change* with, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraseology—*change for*:

To *change* true rules for odd inventions.

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of that age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our authour, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense: whilst on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none; for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive *change* being formerly used to signify variety, (as *change* of cloaths, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of cloaths* or *linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 429

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, fir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good fir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking⁶.

Alex.

for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to shew that it signified to *dress*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at present*, for garlands or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns *charg'd with garlands* is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, 8vo, 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to "hold his *velvet horns* as high as the best of them."

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head*; a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So Sidney:

"A garland made, on temples for to wear."

It is observable that the same mistake has happened in *Coriolanus*, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt,

"That should but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. MALONE.

⁶ *I had rather beat my liver—*] To know why the lady is so averse from

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Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage⁷: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs⁸.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names⁹:
Pr'ythee,

from *beating her liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Black fryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:

"He'll not approach a taverne, no, nor drink ye,

"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?

"For heating's *liver*; which some may suppose

"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*." MALONE.

7 — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!*] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that Herod of Jewry became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that, he "*out-herods Herod*." And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that "*not even Herod of Jewry dare look upon her when she is angry*;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive to such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. STEEVENS.

8 — *I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

9 *Then, belike, my children shall have no names:*] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose *I shall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNSON.

A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus says Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That's as much as

to

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million¹.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be
—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else,

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognosti-

to say, *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and there-
fore *have no names*." STEEVENS.

A line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's in-
terpretation:

"Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless* bastardy." MALONE.

¹ *If every of your wishes had a womb,*

And fertile every wish, a million.] The old copy reads—*And fore-*
tell. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have not hesi-
tated to receive it, the change being so slight, and being so strongly sup-
ported by the context. If every one of your wishes, says the soothsayer,
had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise *fertile*, you
then would have a million of children.—The merely supposing each of
her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the soothsayer to pro-
nounce that she should have *any* children, much less a million; for,
like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to "the sterile
curse." The word *fertile* therefore is absolutely requisite to the sense.

MALONE.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel*
favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteness; yet the
original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs, as*
you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel
a million of children. It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I*
should shame you, and tell all; that is, *and if I should tell all.* And is
for and if, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for *if*.

JOHNSON:

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, "I should shame you and tell
all," *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well
omitted afterwards; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced.

MALONE.

cation,

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cation², I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Cbar. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Cbar. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune³, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Cbar. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Cbar. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord⁴?

² *Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, &c.]* So, in *Othello*:

“—This *band* is moist, my lady:—

“This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.” MALONE.

³ *Alexas,—come, his fortune,]* In the old copy, to the speeches of Alexas, *Alex.* is regularly prefixed. The word here, though written at length, happening to be the first word of a line, two of the modern editors supposed that the remainder of this speech belonged to him, as probably the editor of the folio did, having placed a full point after *Alexas*. The proper regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ *Saw you my lord?* Old Copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. *Saw* was formerly written *sawe*. MALONE.

Eno.

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)⁵

Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia⁶,

From

⁵ —*this is stiff news*,] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“Fearing some hard news from the warlike band.” MALONE.

⁶ —*extended Asia*;] To extend, is a term used for to seize; I know not whether that be not the sense here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation right. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—this uncivil and unjust extent

“Against thy peace.”

Again, in *Maffinger's New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner says:

“This manor is extended to my use.”

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just; “for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia.” To extend is a law term

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From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mef. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still⁷; and our ills told us,

Is

used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: "Those wasteful companions had neither lands to extend nor goods to be seized. *Savile's Translation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth:*" and then observes, that "Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term, as appears from a passage in *As you like it*:"

"And let my officers of such a nature

"Make an extent upon his house and lands." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 167, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ *When our quick minds lie still;*] The old copy reads—when our quick *winds* lie still; which Dr. Johnson thus explains: "The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind-rows*;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"not ventilated by quick winds," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited.—Our quick minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive. Again, in this play: "The quick comedians."—&c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation, "While the active principle within us lies immersed in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were, the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2. *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2. *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds* in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning: and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in *King John*, Act V. sc. vii. where we have in the only authentick copy—

“Death, having prey’d upon the outward parts;

“Leaves them invifible; and his fiefge is now

“Against the *wind*.” MALONE.

The words *lie fill* are opposed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: When our pregnant minds lie idle and untill’d, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them.” The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shews that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick winds* lying *fill*, is little better than nonsense. MASON.

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the instruments of Husbandry used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in sc. iv. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45. “Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest.” BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *termining fallows*; for such fallows are always fruitful in weeds.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to lie *fill*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will bring forth weeds spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEVENS.

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2. *Mef.* In Sicyon: Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself^s: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back⁹, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! ENOBARBUS!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how

^s — the present pleasure;

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself:—] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. *WARBURTON.*

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are revolved in the mind, turn to pain. *JOHNS.*

I rather understand the passage thus: "What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time; or, by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable."

TOLLET.

I believe revolution means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage. The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain. *STEEVENS.*

⁹ *The hand could pluck her back, &c.*] The verb could has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again. *HEATH.*

Could, would and should, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance. *STEEVENS.*

mortal

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mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment¹: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, fir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears²; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, fir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

¹ — poorer moment:] For less reason; upon meaner motives]

JOHNSON.

² We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;] I once idly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—"We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. I mention such idle conjectures, however plausible, only to put all future commentators on their guard against suspecting a passage to be corrupt, because the diction is different from that of the present day. The arrangement of the text was the phraseology of Shakspeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"—You must be well contented,

"To make your house our Tower."

We should certainly now write—to make our Tower your house. Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"What good condition can a treaty find,

"I the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See also a similar inversion in Vol. III. p. 46, n. 7. MALONE.

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Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice, When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein³, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion⁴, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience⁵ to the queen, And get her love to part⁶. For not alone

The

³ — it shews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, &c.] When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

The meaning is this. As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones. ANONYMUS.

⁴ — the tears live in an onion, &c.] So, in *The noble Soldier*, 1634: "So much water as you might squeeze out of an onion had been tears enough," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ The cause of our expedience—] *Expedience* for expedition. WARE. See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 7; and p. 558, n. 3. MALONE.

⁶ And get her love to part—] I suspect the author wrote: And get her leave to part. So, afterwards:

"Would, she had never given you leave to come!"

The

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches⁷,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home⁸: Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main foldier; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair⁹, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whole place is under us, requires

The greater part of the succeeding-scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer.

" ——— I go from hence,

" Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,

" As thou affect'st."

I have lately observed that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*. MALONE.

⁷ — *more urgent touches*,] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —a touch more rare

" Subdues all pangs, all fears." MALONE.

⁸ *Petition us at home*:—] With us at home; call for us to reside at home. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *the courser's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 224: "—*A horse hairs* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c. STEEVENS.

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.

TOLLET.

Our

Our quick remove from hence¹.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—
I did not send you²; —If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [Exit Alex.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

¹ Say, our pleasure,

To such whose place is under us, requires

Our quick remove from hence.] Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—"whose places under us," and "require." The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² I did not send you;—] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"We met by chance; you did not find me here." MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
Somightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you shu'd staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent³; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven⁴: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart

³ — in our brows' bent;—] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows.

STEEVENS.

⁴ — a race of heaven:] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven.

WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly* origin.

MALONE.

Remains

Remains in use⁵ with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestick powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going⁷,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
 It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die⁶?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
 Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
 The garboils she awak'd⁸; at the last, best:
 See, when, and where she died.

⁵ *Remains in use*—] The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *should save my going*,] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald instead of *save*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*. MALONE.

⁷ *It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?*] Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from some follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief all he says. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The garboils she awak'd*;—] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616:

“—thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,

“The head of all those garboils.”

The word is derived from the old French *garbueil*, which Cotgrave explains by *burlyburly*, great stir. STEEVENS.

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *burlyburly*. MALONE.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves¹.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt²: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

⁹ O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill

With sorrowful water?] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the first Act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakspeare:

"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,

"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" STEEVENS.

¹ *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right: yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—“My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me.” So, for *so that*. If this be the true sense of the passage, is ought to be regulated thus:

I am quickly ill,—and well again,

So Antony loves. MALONE.

² —*to Egypt*:—] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman³ does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten⁴.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself⁵.

Cleo.

3 — Herculean Roman—] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*. STEEVENS.

4 *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*

And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppress'd by sorrow, and after many attempts, to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing.* Oblivion, I believe, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful. STEEVENS.

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and therefore have not encumbered the page with any conjectures upon it. Dr. Johnson says, that "it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her." It certainly was; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our authour's manner.

MALONE.

5 *But that your royalty*

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.] The sense may be:—*But that your queenship abuses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself.* So Webster (who was often a very close imitator of Shakspeare) in his *Vittoria Corembona*, 1612:

"—how idle am I

"To question my own idleness!"

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—*But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth: But perhaps *your subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you

can

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But fir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me⁶, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor⁷: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are

can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being. MALONE.

⁶ *Since my becoming kill me,—*] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her:

"— wrangling queen,

"Whom every thing becomes."

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. STEEVENS.

⁷ *One great competitor:—*] Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. JOHNSON.
Competitor means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakespeare, *associate*, or *partner*. MASON.

Evils

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Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness⁸; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd⁹; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to fit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

⁸ *His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness;* If by spots are meant stars, as
night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars
having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I compre-
hend what there is in the counter-part of this simile, which answers
to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:

— spots on ermine,
Or fires, by night's blackness. JOHNSON.

The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are not ob-
scured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so
neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on
the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart
of the simile, is *Antony's goodness*. His goodness is a ground which
gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent
and conspicuous.

It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But
the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and
splendour*. It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger
in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black
ground than on any other.—That the *prominence and splendour* of the
stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage
in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is less equivocally express'd:

“Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.”

A kindred thought occurs in *K. Henry V.*

“—though the truth of it stands off as gross
“As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
“My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
“Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
“Than that which hath no foil to set it off.” MALONE.

⁹ — *purchas'd*;] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

(As

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish¹,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils², when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness³. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,

¹ — say, this becomes him;
(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish;] This seems inconsequent.

I read:

And his composure, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and if it can become him, he must have in him something very uncommon; yet, &c. JOHNSON.

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As you Like it*, we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

“ — what though you have more beauty,
“ (As by my faith I see no more in you
“ Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
“ Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?”

See Vol. III. p. 195, n. 9. MALONE.

² No way excuse his soils,] The old copy has—*soils*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. In the Mss of our author's time f and s are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regularly used this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — and no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
“ The virtue of his will.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ The only soil of his fair virtue's glofs.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
“ As she from one ungot.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

“ For all the soil of the atchievement goes
“ With me into the earth.”

In the last act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous:

“ — His taints and honours
“ Wag'd equal in him.”

Again, in Act II. sc. iii.

“ Read not my blemishes in the world's reports.” MALONE.

³ So great weight in his lightness.] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws too much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

Full

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Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't⁴: but, to confound such time⁵,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge⁶,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar⁷: to the ports
The discontents repair⁸, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

⁴ *Call on him for't:—*] *Call on him, is, visit him.* Says Cæsar, *If Antony followed his debauches at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits, and dry bones.*

JOHNSON.

⁵ *— to confound such time,*] See p. 426, n. 7. MALONE.

⁶ *— boys; who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this Hanmer, who thought the maturity of a boy an inconsistent idea, has put:

— who, immature in knowledge:

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.* JOHNSON.

⁷ *That only have fear'd Cæsar:—*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now shew their affection for Pompey.

JOHNSON.

⁸ *The discontents repair,—*] That is, the *malecontents.* So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“— that may please the eye

“Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents.*”

See Vol. V. p. 244, n. 5. MALONE.

Comes,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd⁹. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion¹.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear² and wound

⁹ — *be, which is, was wish'd, until be were;*

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.] The old copy reads—Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love? I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till not worth love. MALONE.

Let us examine the sense of the old copy in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be fear'd by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd." WARBURTON.

¹ *Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,*

To rot itself with motion.] The old copy reads—*lacking. Lacking* was introduced by Mr. Theobald: i. e. says he, "floating backward and forward with the variation of the tide, like a page or *lucky* at his master's heels." MALONE.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"—who would willingly

"*Lackay* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in the Prologue to *Antonio and Mellida*, P. II. 1602:

"—O that our power

"*Could lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in the whole magnificent entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his wife, &c. March 35, 1609, by Thomas Decker, 1609: "The minutes that *lackey* the heels of time, run not faster away than do our joys."

Perhaps another messenger should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. STEEVENS.

² — *which they ear*—] To ear, is to plow; a common metaphor; JOHNSON.

See p. 435, n. 7. MALONE.

VOL. VII.

G g

With

450 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

With keels of every kind : Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't³, and flush youth⁴ revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resist.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels⁵. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses⁶, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain⁷

³ *Lack blood to think on't,*] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.
⁴ — *and flush youth*—] *Flush youth* is youth ripened to manhood;
youth whose blood is at the flow. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *thy lascivious wassels*.—] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance
in general. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ At wakes and *wassels*, meetings, markets, fairs.”

For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, Act I. sc.
xli. The old copy, however, reads *vassalles*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Thou didst drink*
The stale of horses, &c.] All these circumstances of Antony's dis-
tress, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain, &c.*] The defect of the
metre induces me to believe that some word has been inadvertently
omitted. Perhaps our authour wrote:

Drive him to Rome *disgrac'd*: 'Tis time we twain, &c.

So, in Act III. sc. xi:

“ — So the

“ From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend.” MALONE.

Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council⁸: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know mean
 time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora⁹.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo.

⁸ Assemble me *immediate council*:] Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: *Assemble we, &c.* So afterwards:

"—Haste *we* for it:

"Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch *we*," &c.

MALONE.

* —*I knew it for my bond.*] That is, to be my bounden duty.

MASON.

⁹ —*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

"—Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,

"Can ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep." JOHNSON.

So, in Webster's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"—Come violent death,

"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep." STEEVENS.

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men¹.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar²,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to, bl. l. p. 187. lib. 10: "I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead." PERCY.

¹ *And burgonet of men.*—] A *burgonet* is a kind of helmet. So, in *King Henry VI*:

"This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet*."

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"I'll hammer on thy proof-steel'd *burgonet*." STEEVENS.

² —*Broad-fronted Cæsar*,] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar*. STEEVENS.

A morsel

A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee³.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms ; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed⁴,

Who

³ — that great medicine bath

With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a medicine. JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

“ O then, thou great elixir of all treasures.”

And on this passage he has the following note: “ The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina* is called the great Elixir, to which he here alludes.” Thus, in the *Canones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, late edit. v. 16330:

“ — the philosophres stone,

“ Elixir cleped, we seken fast eche on.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — arm-gaunt steed,] i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

“ His stall worn steed the champion stout bestrode”. WARB.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont, has very elaborately

454 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him^s.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,

borately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean-shoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed: Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads: —*arm-girt steed*. JOHNSON.

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear, that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our authour has described in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnson must have look'd into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: "I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*." Mr. Mason justly remarks on the preceding notes, that he "cannot conceive why the joint-sovereign of the world should be mounted on a little worn-out starved post-horse, or why such a post-horse should be called by the pompous appellation of a *steed*, (which, he observes, is appropriated to horses for state or war,) and neigh so loudly as to dumb-found the spectators." Mr. Steevens observes, that "in Chaucer (Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1247.) *arm-gret* is used in the sense of *as big as the arm*:" but the difficulty still remains; for *arm-gaunt* must in this way be interpreted as *thin as the arm*, no very favourable description of a horse. MALONE.

5 *Was beastly dumb'd by him.*] The old copy has *dumb*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (says he,) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could not have been heard." MALONE.

The verb which Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks she *dumbs*," &c. STEEVENS.

So

The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days⁶ ;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then !—But, come, away ;
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt⁷.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS⁸.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene.

⁶ *My fallad days ;*

When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,

To say, as I said then !— Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those, says she, were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment ; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

⁷ *— unpeople Egypt.]* By sending out messengers. JOHNSON.

⁸ All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which must stand for *Mene-crates*. The course of the dialogue shews that some of them at least belong to Menas ; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for⁹.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full¹. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silviu's, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip²!

Let

modern editions; or rather, a syllable [*Men.*] has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence. MALONE.

⁹ *Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays*

The thing we sue for.] The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is losing its value. JOHNSON.

¹ *My power's a crescent, &c.*] In the old editions:

*My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope,
Says it will come to the full.*

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the moon, or *crescent*; but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full orb*.

THEOBALD.

² — *thy wan lip!*] In the old edition it is—*thy wand lip!* Perhaps, for *fond lip*, or *warm lip*, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness³.—How now Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :

either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd*.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* :

“ — a cheek

“ Not as yet *wan'd*.”

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in the *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

“ And, Cleopatra then to seek had been

“ So firm a lover of her *wained* face.”

Yet this expression of Pompey's perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra : i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover. The epithet *wan* might have been added, only to shew the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiatics are paler than those of European nations. STEEV.

Shakspeare's orthography often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *wile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *wild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn* : why not therefore *wand* for *wan* here ?

If th's however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd* : i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection ; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full.

PERCY.

³ *That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.*] I suspect our authour wrote :

That sleep and feeding may prorogue his *hour*, &c.

So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — let not that part of nature,

“ Which my lord pay'd for, be of any power

“ To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*.”

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays. What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still remain with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

“ To prorogue his *honour*,” does not convey to me at least, any precise notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind. MALONE.

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Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel⁴.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
'This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm⁵
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope⁶,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him⁷; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square⁸ between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough

To

⁴ — *since he went from Egypt, 'tis*
A space for farther travel.] i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of
time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed
than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *would have don'd his helm*] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So,
in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"Call upon our dame aloud,

"Bid her quickly *don* her shroud." STEEVENS.

⁶ *I cannot hope, &c.*] The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of
Chaucer in four vols, 8vo, 1775, observes that to *hope* on this occasion
means to *expect*. So, in the *Reves Tale*, v. 4027:

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." STEEVENS.

⁷ — *warr'd upon him*;—] The old copy has *wan'd*. The emenda-
tion, which was made by the editor of the second folio, is supported by
a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony,

"—your wife and brother

"Made *wars* upon me." MALONE.

⁸ — *square*—] That is, *quarrel*. So, in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*,
or *the gentle Craft*, 1600:

"What? *square* they, master Scott?—

"——Sir, no doubt:

"Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out." STEEVENS.

See

To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon⁹, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day¹.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ *Our lives upon,—*] This play is not divided into acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed, that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

¹ *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.*] I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect.* JOHNSON.

Plutarch mentions that Antony "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipped it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts. MALONE.

Enter

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. / What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter².

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, fir³ !

Cæs. Nay, then—

² *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill. humour* be added to the real subject of our difference. JOHNSON.

³ *Cæs. Sit.*

Ant. Sit, fir !] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power ; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated ; Cæsar answers, *Nay, then*—i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this as well as the preceding speech. STEEVENS.

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion : When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos ; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being asked by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth ; I am Sebastian. JOHNSON.

Ant.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 461

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state⁴, your being in Egypt
Might be my question⁵.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war⁶.

Ant.

I believe, the authour meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated: "Sir." To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: "Sit, sir." "Nay, then" rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of admiration placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's speech, undisturbed. MALONE.

⁴ Did practise on my state,—] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countess of Pembroke, 1595:

" — nothing kills me so

" As that I do my Cleopatra see

" Practise with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 113, n. 7. MALONE.

⁵ — my question.] i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. So again, in this scene: "Out of our question wipe him." See Vol. IV. p. 191, n. 2. MALONE.

⁶ — their contestation

[Was theme for you, you were the word of war.] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context,

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act⁷: I did enquire it;

context, which shews, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

— and their contestation

Was them'd for you.

i. e. The pretence of war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. WARBURTON.

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorised, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

— their contestation

Had *theme* from you, *you were the word of war.*

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

— their contestation

You were theme for, *you were the word*— JOHNSON.

Was theme for you, I believe means only, *was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i:

“ — throw forth greater themes

“ For insurrection's arguing.”

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, “ — the *theme* of our assembly.” STEEV.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shews that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon*, an example for him to follow, what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—“ *you were the word of war*: i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, “ *their contestation derived its theme or subject from you*; *you were their word of war*,” affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the sense desired, we should read—

Was them'd from you,—

So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — So like the king,

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.”

In almost every one of Shakspeare's plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from*, appears by Antony's answer.

“ You do mistake your business; my brother never

“ Did urge me in his act.

i. e. never made me the *theme* for “insurrection's arguing.” MALONE:

7 — my brother never

Did urge me in his act:] i. e. never did make use of my name as pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

And

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And have my learning from some true reports⁸,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause⁹? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with¹,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,

⁸ — true reports,] *Reports for reporters.* Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, p. 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Having alike your cause?*] That is, *I having alike your cause.* The meaning is the same as if, instead of “against my stomach,” our authour had written—against *the stomach of me*. Did he not (says Antony,) make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *be having*, and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation. MALONE.

The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me*. But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

— Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Hating alike our cause? JOHNSON.

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought.

STEEVENS.

¹ *As matter whole you have not to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have to make it with.

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this authour's works have necessarily taken. JOHNSON.

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence, “*As matter,*” &c. proves decisively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent. MALONE.

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him.

STEEVENS.

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Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes² attend those wars
Which fronted³ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another⁴:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself⁵; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

² — *with graceful eyes*] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe
rightly. We still say, *I could not look handsomely on* such or such a
proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*. STEEVENS.

³ — *fronted*—] i. e. *opposed*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *I would you had her spirit in such another:*] Antony means to say,
I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as
her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then
would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world,
you the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.

By the words, you *had* her spirit, &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant,
you were *united to*, or possessed of, a woman *with* her spirit.

Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that An-
tony wished Augustus to be *assuaged* by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I
proposed to read—*even* such another, *in* being frequently printed for *even*
in these plays. But there is no need of change. MALONE.

⁵ *I told him of myself;*—] i. e. told him the condition I was in,
when he had his last audience. WARBURTON.

Cæs.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it⁶: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it⁷: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs⁸ between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

⁶ The honour's sacred which he talks on now.

Supposing that I lack'd it⁶] Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before. JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say,—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. MALONE.

⁷ — nor my power

Work without it:] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. MALONE.

⁸ The griefs—] i. e. grievances. See Vol. V. p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

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Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone?

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but

9 — *your considerate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you considerate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so considerate and discreet, go to, do your own business. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then, your considerate stone*, means only this: *If I must be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the Interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be a stone.

"Mido] A stone! how should that be, &c.

"Rebecca.] I meant thou shouldst nothing say."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Guy let it passe as still as stone,

"And to the steward word spake none.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, A⁵ III. sc. i:

"A stone is silent, and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

"To ride by the way, dumber as the stone."

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question, thus: "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions." STEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

— *your considerate one.*

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned.

BLACKSTONE.

Tour, like *hour*, &c. is used as a dissyllable; the metre therefore is not defective. MALONE.

The

The manner of his speech¹: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship; our conditions
So differing in their acts.: Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge,
O' the world I would pursue it.

Ag. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Ag. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa²;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd³ of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Ag. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,

¹ I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech:—] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. JOHNSON.

² Say not so, Agrippa;] The old copy has—Say not say. Mr. Rowe made this necessary correction. MALONE.

³ — your reproof

Were well deserv'd—] In the old edition:

— your proof

Were well deserv'd—

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approve*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

The emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine* nightingale, instead of *my* nightingale; in *Coriolanus*, *news is coming*, for *news is come in*; in the same play, *bigger* for *hire*, &c. &c. MALONE.

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And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so*,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report*;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:

Of us, must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

* *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] Left I be thought too willing
to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will
defy him. JOHNSON.

Of us, &c.] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by us.

MALONE.

Ant.

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Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my
honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there? Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much
more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square
to her*.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purled up
his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter de-
vis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

* — be square to her.] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits
with her merits. STEEVENS.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars we reful-

ver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see⁷
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did⁸.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes⁹,

⁷ *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, &c.*] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35, c. 10. WARBURTON.

⁸ *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read less harshly:

And what they did, undid. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay; *they did*, i. e. they seem'd to produce. MALONE.

⁹ — *tended her i' the eyes,*] Perhaps *tended her by the eyes*, discovered her will by her eyes. JOHNSON.

So, Spenser, *Faery Queer*, B. I. C. III.

“ — he wayted diligent,

“ With humble service to her will prepar'd;

“ From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,

“ And by her looks conceited her intent.”

Again, in our authour's 149th Sonnet,

“ Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.”

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress. So, (as Mr. Steevens, if I recollect right, once observed to me,) in *Hamlet*:

“ We shall express our duty in his eye,

“ And let him know so.” MALONE.

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And made their bends adornings¹: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle

Swell

¹ *And made their bends adornings:*] "This may mean," (says Dr. Warburton,) "her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them."—Not choosing to encumber my page with fanciful conjectures, where there is no difficulty, I have omitted the remainder of his idle note.

A passage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, some up, some downe descending,

"Small scattering flowres one at another flung,

"With pretty turns their lymber bodies bending,"—

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty. See the quotation from Shakspeare's 149th Sonnet, above.

In our authour we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first Act of this play:

"—those his goodly eyes

"—now bend, now turn," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Although they wear their faces to the bent

"Of the king's looks."

Again, more appositely in *Julius Caesar*:

"And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world."

Mr. Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that "*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were the cause* of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakspeare's language,) this their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have in every page of this authour such diction.—But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE.

The whole passage is taken from the following in sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poepe whereof was of gold, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, which kept stroke in rowing after the founde of the mulicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, violls, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed vnder a pauillion

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invifible perfume hits the fenfe
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caft
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did fit alone,
 Whiffling to the air; which, but for vacancy³,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to fupper: ſhe reply'd,
 It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
 Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
 He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

Eno. I ſaw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:

of cloth of gold of tiſſue, apparelled and attired like the Goddeſſe Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do ſet forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen alſo, the faireſt of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters,) and like the Graces, ſome ſteering the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull paſſing ſweete ſauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes ſide, peſtered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongſt the river ſide: others alſo ranne out of the citie to ſee her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne ſuch multitudes of people one after another to ſee her, that Antonius was left poſt alone in the market place, in his imperiall ſeate to geve audience." &c. STEEV.

³ — which, but for vacancy,] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*. WARBURTON.

For vacancy, means, for fear of a vacuum. MALONE.

And

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And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale⁴
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies⁵. For vilest things
Become themselves in her⁶; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish⁷.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him⁸.

Ag.

4 — *nor custom stale*] This verb is used by Heywood in the *Iron Age*, 1632: "One that hath *stal'd* his courtly tricks at home." STEEVENS.

5 — *Other women cloy*

The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies.] Almost the same thought, clothed neatly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*:

"Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

"The more she gives them speech."

Again, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,

"But rather famish them amid their plenty." MALONE.

6 — *for vilest things*

Become themselves in her.] So, in our authour's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this *becoming* of things ill?" MALONE.

7 — *when she is riggish.*] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Costly of Delight*, 1576:

"Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde." STEEVENS.

Again, in J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"When wanton *rig*, or lecher dissolute,

"Do stand at Paules Crofs in a—suite." MALONE.

8 — *Octavia is*

A blessed lottery to him.] Dr. Warburton says, the poet wrote *al-lottery*: but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea in the *Spanish Tragedy*, says:

"Mino in graven leaves of *lottery*

"Drew forth the manner of my life and death. FARMER.

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582:

"By this hap escaping the filth of *lottarye carnal*."

Again,

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Ota. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers^a
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir¹.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion², have it not in my tongue: But yet

Hie

Again, in the *Honest Man's Fortune*, By B. and Fletcher:

"—fainting under

"Fortune's false lottery."—STEEVENS.

⁹ — *shall bow my prayers*] The same construction is in *Coriolanus*,
Act I. sc. i:

"Shouting their emulation."

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II. sc. ii:

"Smile you my speeches?" STEEVENS.

² Good night, dear lady.—

Good night, Sir.] These last words, which in the only authentick
copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editors have assigned
to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar,
who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

² I see it in

My motion,] i. e. the divinitory agitation. WARBURTON.

Mr.

Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear³, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my *notion*.

MALONE.

³ *Becomes a Fear*,—] Our authour has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly:

“ — I say again, *thy spirit*.

“ Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him.

We have this sentiment again in *Macbeth*:

“ — near him,

“ My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,

“ Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's.” MALONE.

Mr. Upton reads:

Becomes afraid,—

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNSON.

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Fletcher alludes to it in the *Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

“ — and then a *Fear*:

“ Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.”—

The whole thought is borrowed from sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: “ With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of mens natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leave his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timorous when he commeth neere vnto the other.” STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*that* thy spirit. The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the foregoing passage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is necessary. MALONE.

Sooth.

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Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away⁴, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[*Exit* Soothsayer,

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails⁵ ever
Beat mine, inwhoop'd, at odds⁶. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,

⁴ — *But, be away,*] Old Copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. POPE.
MALONE.

⁵ — *his quails*—] The ancients used to match quails as we match
cocks. JOHNSON.

So, in the old translation of Plutarch : “ For, it is said, that as often
as they drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether
they played at dice, Antonius alway lost. Oftentimes when they were
disposed to see cockfight, or quails that were taught to fight one with
an other, Cæsars cockes or quailles did ever overcome.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — *inwhoop'd, at odds.*] Thus the old copy. *Inwhoop'd* is *inchofied*,
confined, that they may fight. The modern editors read :

Beat mine in whoop'd-at odds. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time : and there is no oc-
casion for *in whoop'd at*, or any other alteration. John Davies begins
one of his epigram. upon *proverbs* :

“ He sets cocke on the hoope, *in*, you would say ;

“ For cocking *in boopes* is now all the play.” FARMER.

At odds was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Mortime-
riados*, by Michael Drayton, no date :

“ She straight begins to bandy him about,

“ *At thousand odds*, before the set goes out.” MALONE.

You

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You must to Parthia; your commission's ready :
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount⁷
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick ; musick, moody food⁸
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, ho !

⁷ — at mount] i. e. Mount Misenum. STEEVENS.

Our authour probably wrote—*at the mount*. MALONE.

⁸ — musick, moody food—] The mood is the mind, or mental disposition. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmoedig Volk* [great-minded nation]. Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between mood the mind and moods of musick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this instance, means melancholy. Cotgrave explains moody, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

" Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

" But moody and dull melancholy?" MALONE.

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards⁹ : come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman ;—Come, you'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river : there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

'Tawny-finn'd fishes¹ ; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook², which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—

I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience : and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan³. O ! from Italy ;—

Enter

⁹ — *let us to billiards :*] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

¹ *Tawny-finn'd fishes ;*] Old Copy.—Tawny *fine* fishes. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² *Did hang a salt-fish, &c.*] This circumstance is likewise taken from sir Thomas North's translation of the life of Antony in *Plutarch*.

STEEVENS.

³ — *whilst*

I wore his sword Philippan :—] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment à posteriori. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi.

Ant.

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears⁴,
That long time have been barren.

Mes. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free⁵;

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark; We
use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; be at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems
a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his sword ought to be denomi-
nated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes
in romance are made to give their swords pompous names. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,*] Shakspeare probably
wrote, (as sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou, &c.* *Rain* agrees better
with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

“*Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in thine ear.*”

Again, in the *Tempest*:

“—Heavens rain grace!” STEEVENS.

I suspect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in
the style of the speaker; and is supported incontestably by a passage in
Julius Cæsar:

“—I go to meet

“The noble Brutus, thrusting this report.

“Into his ears.” MALONE.

⁵ *But well and free, &c.*] This speech is but coldly imitated by B.
and Fletcher in *The False One*:

“*Cleo.* What of him? speak of ill, Apollodorus,

“It is my happiness: and for thy news

“Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,

“And kiss my hand.” STEEVENS.

But

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man?

Mes. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar⁸, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*!

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

⁶ — If Antony

Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? I suspect a word was omitted at the
press, and that Shakspeare wrote,

— If Antony

Be free, and healthful, needs so tart a favour, &c. MALONE.

⁷ Not like a formal man.] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a formal man, Shakspeare means, a man in his senses. Informal
women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves.

STEEVENS.

A formal man, I believe, only means, a man in form, i. e. shape. You
should come in the form of a fury, and not in the form of a man. So,
in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

“The very devil assum'd thee formally.”

i. e. assumed thy form. MALONE.

⁸ Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, &c.] The old copy reads—*is well*.

MALONE.

We surely should read—*is well*. The messenger is to have his reward,
if he says, that Antony is alive, in health, and either friends with Cæsar,
or not captive to him. TYRWHITT.

Some

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
 Pour out the pack⁹ of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
 In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mes. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
 He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mes. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
 [*Strikes him down.*]

Mes. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]
 Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mes. Gracious madam,
 I, that do bring the news, made not the match:

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
 [*draws a dagger*].

Mes. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
 The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—

⁹ *Pour out the pack*—] I believe our authour wrote—*thy pack*. *The,*
the, and *thy,* are frequently confounded in the old copy. MALONE.

¹ [*draws a dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a knife*. STEEVENS.
 See Vol. IV. p. 297, n. 8. MALONE.

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Melt Egypt into Nile²! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself³; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
still?

² *Melt Egypt into Nile!*—] So, in the first scene of this play:

"Let Rome in Tyber melt," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*

A meaner than myself;—] This thought seems to be borrowed
from the laws of chivalry, which forbade a knight to engage with his
inferior. So, in *Alumazar*:

"Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?

"Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—

"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd, or cuckold?

"Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree

"As long and wide as mine?—or otherwise

"Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour

"In me to fight." STEEVENS.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth,
for her unprincipled and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of
Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when
a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and
maids of honour (for her Majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be
safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey
has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the
person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

Mes.

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd⁴, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of⁵!—Get thee hence:
The

⁴ — *were* submerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. So, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

“—spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *That art not what thou'rt sure of!*—] For this, which is not easily understood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given:

That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!

I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts.

O that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That art—not what?—Thou'rt sure on't.—Get thee hence:

That his fault should make a knave of thee—that art—but what shall I say thou art not? Thou art then sure of this marriage.—Get thee hence.

JOHNSON.

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims,

“O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

“That art not what thou'rt sure of!”

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet sore with my blows!

If it be said, that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra means to say to the messenger, that *he* is not himself that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in *Coriolanus* answer the objection:

“Left you should chance to whip your *information*,

“And beat the messenger that bids beware

“Of what is to be dreaded.”

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia⁶, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.

Let him for ever go⁷ :—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars⁸ :—Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.

The Egyptian queen has beaten her information.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is, Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringest such certain assurance. MALONE.

⁶ — the feature of Octavia,] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617 :
" — rich thou art, *featur'd* thou art, feared thou art." Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 8 :

" Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,
And all her filthy *feature* open shown."

Again, in b. iii. c. 9 :

" She also doth her heavy habergeon,

" Which the fair *feature* of her limbs did hide." STEEVENS.

Our authour has already in *As you Like it*, used *feature* for the general cast of face. See Vol. III. p. 185, n. 2. MALONE.

⁷ Let him for ever go :—] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

⁸ The other way he's a Mars :—] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says :

Let him for ever go :—Let him not—Charmian,—

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—

This, I think, would be more spirited thus :

Let him for ever go :—let him—no,—Charmian ;

Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
What made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us^o, Pompey, with thy sails,

^o *Thou canst not fear us—*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNSON.

I i 3

We'll

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We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house¹;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself²,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates : then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

¹ *At land, indeed,*

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:] At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered*, but had *over-reached*, him. The circumstance here alluded to our authour found in the old translation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them."

Again: "Whereupon Antonius asked him [Sextus Pompeius,] And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and shewed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of oars: that said he is *my father's house* they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because *he* had his father's house, that was Pompey the great." See p. 497, n. 7.

MALONE.

² *But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,]* Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNSON.

So, in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny*, b. x. ch. 9:

"These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests." STEEV.

I came

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face³ ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir⁴.

³ *What counts hard fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks
or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. WARBURTON.

⁴ *I have fair meanings, sir.*] The old copy has *meaning* ; the tran-
scriber's ear being probably deceived, in consequence of the next word
beginning with the final letter of this. The correction was suggested by
Mr. Heath. MALONE.

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Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar⁵ in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'ft thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,

It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty.—[*aside.*—] You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me⁶:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

⁵ — to Cæsar—] i. e. to Julius Cæsar. STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will praise any man that will praise me;*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection. WARBURTON.

Men.

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Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?
I have

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, fir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet⁷.

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants⁸ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink⁹.

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition¹, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan² I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be

⁷ — *with a banquet.*] A banquet in our authour's time frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our banquet after dinner." Again, in *Heath's Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "After dinner, he was served with a banquet, in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner."

MALONE.

⁸ *Some o' their plants.*—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. JOHNSON.

⁹ *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. WARBURTON.

¹ *As they pinch one another by the disposition.*—] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*. WARBURTON.

² — *a partizan.*—] A pike. JOHNSON.

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seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be,
which pitifully disfigure the cheeks³.

*A fennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY,
LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS,
MENAS, with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*to Cæsar.*] They take the
flow o' the Nile⁴

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean⁵, if dearth,

³ *To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks*. This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this.

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks. JOHNSON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves, is an expression which Shakespeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

"How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted, &c.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."

MALONE.

⁴ *They take the flow of the Nile, &c.* Pliny speaking of the Nile says, "How it riseth, is known by marks and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubits. Under that gage the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is dry and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. But when it is no higher than 12 cubits, it findeth extreme famine; yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still: 14 cubits comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties.—And so soon as any part of the land is freed from the water, straight waies it is sowed."

Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V. c. 9. REED.

⁵ — *the mean,* —] i. e. the middle. STEEVENS.

Or

Or foizon, follow ⁶: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out,

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in,
till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' py-
ramises are very goodly things ⁷; without contradiction,
I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside,*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside,*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

⁶ Or foizon, follow:] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 40, n. 6. MALONE.

⁷ I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things;] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our authour's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

"Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides*—"

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

"Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,

"To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air." MALONE.

Lep.

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Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, fir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet*.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aside.*] Go, hang, fir hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips^s,

Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

* — *the tears of it are wet.*] "Be your tears wet?" says Lear to Cordelia, Act IV. Scene vii. MALONE.

^s — *or sky inclips,*] i. e. embraces. STEEVENS.

Pom.

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Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable⁹;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine¹.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside]
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes² more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

⁹ — *Let me cut the cable;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch:
“Now in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merie with An-
tonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and
whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I cut the gables of the an-
kers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the
whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey having pawfed a while vpon it,
at length answered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue
told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my
selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a
traitor.” STEEVENS.

¹ *All there is thine.*] All *there*, may mean *all in the vessel*. STEEV.
The modern editors read—All *then* is thine. MALONE.

² — *thy pall'd fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, past its time of excel-
lence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.

JOHNSON.

Men.

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Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all³,

That it might go on wheels *!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels⁴, ho!

Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,

And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to Ant.*] Shall we
dance now

The Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear⁵, as loud

As

³ *The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, &c.]* The old copy reads—The third part then *be* is drunk, &c. The context clearly shews that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as I have printed it,—The third part *then* is drunk. MALONE.

* *That it might go on wheels!*] “The World goes upon wheels,” is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the Water-poet. MALONE.

⁴ —*Strike the vessels,*] Try whether the casks sound as empty. JOHNSON. I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *clink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking*, as we now say, *clink glasses*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The holding every man shall bear,*] In the old editions:

The holding every man shall beat,—

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet files, the holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides*? I am persuaded, the poet wrote:

The

As his strong sides can volly.

[Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne⁶;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

*The holding ev'ry man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volly.*

The breast and sides are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* I believe to have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *K. Henry VIII.* we find a similar expression:

—let the musick knock it." STEEVENS.

The holding every man shall beat,—] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause.

JOHNSON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, and the change is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Steevens in his edition. MALONE.

⁶ — *with pink eyne*:] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary* says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes*: eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"—such ferret and such fiery eyes."

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "—like a pink-ey'd ferret." Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Thou makest some to stumble, and many more to fumble,
"And me have pinky eyne, most brave and jolly wine!" STEEV.

Pom.

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Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give us your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father's house⁷,—

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants.*]

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, found out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers; and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck⁸; and now Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes⁹, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

⁷ O, Antony, you have my father's house,] See p. 486, n. I.

MALONE.

⁸ — struck —] alludes to darting. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. JOHNSON.

⁹ — Thy Pacorus, Orodes,] Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia. STEEVENS.

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K k

Ven.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
 I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away¹.
 Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
 More in their officer, than person : Sossius,
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
 For quick accumulation of renown,
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do Antonius good,
 But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
 Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
 Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
 Grants scarce distinction². Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
 That magical word of war, we have effected ;
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

¹ — *when him we serve's away.*] Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our authour's phraseology. So, in *the Winter's Tale* :

"I am appointed *him* to murder you."

See also *Coriolanus*, p. 298, n. • The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *be* we serve, &c. MALONE.

² — *that,*

without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.] Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this: *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.

WARBURTON

Ven.

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How*? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird³!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets⁴,
cannot

Think,

* *How?* I believe, was here, as in another place in this play, printed by mistake, for *ho*. See also Vol. III. p. 96, n. 6. MALONE.

³ —*Arabian bird!* The phoenix. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*bards, poets,*—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is to *make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

500 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle⁵. So,—
This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself⁶;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band⁷
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nymph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed
in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Vertue, beautie, and speech, did strike, wound, charme,
“My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight:
“First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
“His works, shewes, futes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:

“Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
“Held, pearst, posselt, my judgment, fence, and will;
“Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
“Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

“Then grieve, unkindnes, prooffe, tooke, kindled, taught,
“Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain:
“But ah, alas (in vaine) my mind, sight, thought,
“Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shunne, refraine:

“For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
“Mine own, embraced, fought, knot, fire, disease.” STEEV.

⁵ *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the wings
that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—the shard-borne beetle.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *You take from me a great part of myself;*] So, in the *Tempest*:

“I have given you here a third of my own life.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“I have a kind of self resides in you.” MALONE.

⁷ — *as my farthest band*] As I will venture the greatest pledge of
security, on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNSON.

Band and bond in our authour's time were synonymous. See Vol. II.
p. 178, n. 7. MALONE.

To

To keep it builded *, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious^s, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee⁹, and make

Thy

* — the cement of our love

To keep it builded,] So, in our authour's 119th Sonnet:

"And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

"Grows fairer than at first." MALONE.

^s — therein curious,] i. e. scrupulous. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"For curious I cannot be with you." STEEVENS.

⁹ The elements be kind, &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

The elements be kind, &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.*

There is, however, a thought which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation in *The two noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher, and Shakspeare:

"— My precious maid,

"Those best affections that the heavens infuse

"In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd

"In your dear heart!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Does not our life consist of the four elements?—Faith, so they say."

And another, which may serve in support of mine:

"— the elements,

"That know not what nor why, yet do effect

"Rare issues by their operance."

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He wishes that *serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is too profound to be just. Octavia was about to take a long journey both by land and by water.

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Ota. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Ota. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cas. What, Octavia?

Ota. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep?

[*Aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse¹;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound², he wail'd:

Her brother wishes that both these elements may prove kind to her;
and this is all. So Cassio says in *Othello*:

“ — O, let the heavens

“ Give him defence against the elements,

“ For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.” MASON.

In the passage just quoted the elements must mean, not *earth* and
water, (which Mr. Mason supposes to be the meaning here,) but *air*
and water; and such, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has also
suggested) is the meaning here. The following lines in *Troilus and*
Cressida likewise favour this interpretation:

“ —anon behold

“ The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

“ Bounding between the two moist elements,

“ Like Perseus' horse.” MALONE.

¹ — *were he a horse*;] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face,
when he has a black or dark coloured spot in his forehead between his
eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an
ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. STEVENS.

² — *he did confound*—] i. e. destroy. See Vol. V. p. 506, n. 4.

MALONE.

Believe

Believe it, till I weep too³.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, fir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. 'That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near,

Mes. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mes. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam, in Rome

³ Believe it, till I weep too.] Believe it, (says Enobarbus) that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.

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I look'd her in the face ; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me⁴?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low ?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her long⁵.

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station⁶ are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

⁴ *Is she as tall as me ? &c. &c. &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvill, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental. STEEVENS.

⁵ *That's not so good :—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—“That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last ;” but, “That, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue.”

That a low voice (on which our authour never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—“Dull of tongue, and dwarfish !”—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the authour intended no connexion between the two members of this line ; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My first interpretation I believe to be the true one. MALONE.

⁶ *—her station*] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“A station like the herald Mercury.” STEEVENS.

Char.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty,

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mes. Brown, madam: And her forehead

As low as she would wish it⁷.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepar'd.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him⁸. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know,

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—

⁷ *As low as she would wish it.*] Low foreheads were in Shakspeare's age thought a blemish. So, in *the Tempest*:

“—with foreheads villainous low.”

See also Vol. I. p. 176, n. 1.

You and She are not likely to have been confounded; otherwise we might suppose that our authour wrote—

As low as you would wish it. MALONE.

⁸ — *so I harry'd him.*] To harry, is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“Will harry me about instead of her.” STEEVENS.

Minshew, in his *Dict.* 1617, explains the word thus: “To trouble or vex.” Cole in his *English Dict.* 1676, interprets *baried* by the word *pulled*, and in the sense of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was used by Shakspeare. See the marginal direction in p. 481. In a kindred sense it is used in the old translation of Plutarch; “Pyrrhus seeing his people thus troubled, and *barried* to and fro,” &c.

MALONE.

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But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—that
Were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't⁹,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me
presently,
When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *bless my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless¹. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,

⁹ — *he not took't,*—] The old copy has—*not look't*. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

¹ *Tban yours so branchless.*] Old Copy—*your*. Corrected in the second folio. This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, *your so* and *yours so*, being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. MALONE.

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother²; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler³! Wars 'twixt you twain would be⁴
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry⁵; would

² I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother; i. e. shall shame or disgrace him. JOHNS.
I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, *unless I am compell'd in my own defence, I will do no act that shall stain, &c.*

After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother. MALONE.

³ *Your reconciler!*] The old copy has *you*. This manifest error of the press, which appears to have arisen from the same cause as that noticed above, was corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ —*Wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.*] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. JOHNS.

⁵ —*rivalry.*] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

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not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal⁶, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
'They'll grind the one the other⁷. Where's Antony?

⁶ Upon his own appeal,] To appeal, in Shakspeare, is to accuse; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. JOHNS.

⁷ Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
'They'll grind the one the other] The old copy reads;
Then would thou hadst, a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw, &c.
They'll grind the other.

The happy emendation, to which I have paid the respect that it merited by giving it a place in the text, was suggested by Dr. Johnson. He explains the passage so amended, thus: "Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them." Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I had not in the present instance any scruples on that head. The passage, as it stands in the folio, is nonsense, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were easily confounded, and the omission in the last line, which Dr. Johnson has supplied, is one of those errors that happen in almost every sheet that passes through the press, when the same words are repeated near to each other in the same sentence. Thus, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, p. 55, now before me, these words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honour* (i. e. the lordship of a place) in its legal sense." But the words—"in its common acceptation and" were omitted in the proof sheet by the compositor, by his eye (after he had composed the first *honour*,) glancing on the last, by which the intermediate words were lost. In the passage before us, I have no doubt that the compositor's eye in like manner glancing on the second *the*, after the first had been composed, the words now recovered were omitted. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the same cause;

"The bearer knows not; but commends *itself*

"To others' eyes; nor doth *the eye itself*

"That most pure spirit of sense, behold *itself*,

"Not going from itself," &c.

I have lately observed that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the same emendation. As, in a former scene, Shakspeare, with allusion to the triumvirs, called the World *three-corner'd*, so he here supposes it to have had *three chaps*.—*No more* does not signify *no longer*, but has the same meaning as if Shakspeare had written—and no more. Thou hast now a pair of chaps, and only a pair. MALONE.

Eros,

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Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius⁸;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place⁹, on a tribunall silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia¹,

Absolute

⁸ — *More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I
might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your
presence. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I' the market-place,—*] So in the old translation of Plutarch. "For
he assembled all the people in the show place, where younge men doe ex-
ercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall filuered, he set two
chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra,
and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the
assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of
Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsa-
rion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the
sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Se-
condly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue
Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he
had conquered the contry: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia,
Syria, and Cilicia. STEEVENS.

¹ For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNS.
In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in
folio,

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Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there² proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gavè to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis³
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;

folio, 1579 *, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—“First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and the Lower Syria.” FARMER.

² — *be there*] The old copy has—*hither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

³ — *the goddess Isis*] So in the old translation of Plutarch: “Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.” STEEVENS.

• I find the character of this work pretty early delineated,
“ ’Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
“ That Latin French, that French to English fraid:
“ Thus ’twixt one Plutarch there’s more difference,
“ Than i’ th’ same Englishman return’d from France.”

FARMER.

That

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'That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister : The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn
Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct⁴ 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him

⁴ *Being an obstruct—*] i. e. "an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra." I use the words of Dr. Warburton, by whom the emendation was made. The old copy has—*abstract*. MALONE.

And

And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Ota. My lord, in Athens.

Cas. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying⁵.
The kings o' the earth for war⁶: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Ota. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cas. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong-led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers⁷

⁵ — who now are levying] That is, which two persons now are levying, &c. MALONE.

⁶ Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the authour did not much wish to be accurate. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

“ — Polemon and Amintas

“ Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede.”

And this obviates all impropriety. STEEVENS.

⁷ — them ministers —] Old Copy—his ministers. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

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Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort⁸;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull⁹,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cas. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno.

⁸ — Best of comfort;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be of comfort*, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it stands very awkwardly. "*Best of comfort*" may mean—*Thou best of comforters!* a phrase which we meet with again in *the Tempest*:

"A solemn air, and the best comforter

"To an unsettled fancy's cure!"

Cæsar however may mean, that what he has just mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. MALONE.

⁹ — potent regiment to a trull,] *Regiment*, is, *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our authour's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now.

JOHNSON:

Trull is used in the First Part of *King Henry VI.* as synonymous to *barlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's Dictionary, 1679.—There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here. MALONE.

Regiment is used for *regimen* or *government* by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called the *Regiment of Helth*.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

"So when he had resign'd his *regiment*."

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L 1

Trull

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Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being¹ in these wars ;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not; denounce't against us², why should not we
Be there in person.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—
If we should serve with horse and mares together
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome ; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable sense by G. Peele in the
Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, published in *England's Helicon* :

" When swaines sweet pipes are puffed, and *trulls* are warme."

Again, in *Dametas's Jigge* in praise of his love, by John Wootton ;
printed in the same collection :

" — be thy mirth seene ;

" Heard to each swaine, scene to each *trull*." STEEVENS.

" — forspoke my being—] To *for speak*, is to contradict, to speak
against, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584 :

" — thy life forspoke by love."

To *for speak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by en-
chantment. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, " — a witch,
gossip, to *for speak* the matter thus. " In Shakspeare it is the opposite of
bespeak. STEEVENS.

" — denounc't against us,] The old copy has—*denounc'd*. For this
slight alteration I am answerable. Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read *de-
nounce*, but the other is nearer to the original copy. I am not how-
ever sure that the old reading is not right. " *If not denounc'd*," *If there
be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not be there in
person?* There is however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*,
and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence ; which favours
the emendation now made. MALONE.

Appear

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne³?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers⁴, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare⁵; yours, heavy: No disgrace

³ *And take in Toryne.*] To take in is to gain by conquest. STEEV.
See p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

⁴ *Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, &c.*] The old copy has *militars*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: “—for lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men out of Græce, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, muliters, reapers, harvestmen,” &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling of *muleteer*. MALONE.

⁵ *Their ships are yare; yours heavy:—*] So, in sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:—“Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*.” *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 4, n. 3. MALONE.

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Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be⁶.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis⁷!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor⁸, do not fight by sea;

Trust

⁶ *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his forces should be there. So afterwards in this scene:

“ His power went out in such distractions, as

“ Beguil'd all spies.”

Again, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Before the which was drawn the power of Greece.” MALONE.

⁷ — *my Thetis!*] Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition. STEEVENS.

⁸ *O noble emperor, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*. “ Now, as he was setting his men in order of battell, there was a capitaine, & a valliant man, that had served Antonius in many battells & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut: who, as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it

Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't⁹: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iulius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions¹, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

It to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you
mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Egyptians and
Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to
conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and
sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head,
as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had
no great corage himselfe." STEEVENS.

⁹ *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows

Not in the power on't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes un-
governed by the right, or by reason. JOHNSON.

I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to
say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his
greatest strength, (namely his *land force*,) but on the caprice of a wo-
man, who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson refers the
word *on't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to
action in the speech before us. MALONE.

¹ —*distractions*,—] Detachments; separate bodies. JOHNSON.

The word is thus used by sir Paul Rycaut in his *Maxims of Turkish
Polity*: "—and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives,
slaves, or distractions of his love." STEEVENS.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throws
forth,

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not
battle,

Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed

The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies

Upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,

In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way
over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar,
the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of
a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:

The Antoniad², the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;

To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,

All the whole synod of them!

² *The Antoniad, &c.*] which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. POPE.

Eno.

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle³ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁴ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt⁵,
Whom

³ *The greater cantle*—] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.

JOHNSON.

The word is used by Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 3010:

"Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 195, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ *—token'd—*] Spotted. JOHNSON,

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, in seven acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens*." Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague,

"Once spotted, never cur'd."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I see." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt*,] The word in the old copy is *ribaudred*. I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald*; and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for.—Whenever by any negligence in writing a dot is omitted over an *i*, compositors at the press invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many sheets of the present work, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the passage before us. *By ribald*, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "*every lewd fellow*," as Mr. Steevens has explained it. MALONE.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"—that injurious *riball* that attempts

"To violate my dear wyve's chastity."

Again:

"Injurious strumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaldred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

"Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,—

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. It appears however from Barrett's *Alvearis*, 1580, that the word was sometimes written *ribaudrous*. STEEVENS.

L 14

Ribaudrous

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Whom leprosy o'ertake⁶! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her⁷, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,⁸

The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :

Ribaudrous is inserted in Barret's *Alwearie* as an adjective, not as synonymous to *ribaud* or *ribald*; which, however it may have been occasionally used in poetry, appears to have been a substantive. The article in the *Alwearie* is : “ *A ribaudrous and filthie tongue. Os obscænum.*”

MALONE.

I believe we should read—*bag*. What follows seems to prove it :

“ —She once being looft,

“ The noble ruin of her *magic*, Antony,

“ Claps on his sea-wing,— TYRWHITT.

The brize, or æsirum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Whom leprosy o'ertake!*] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Egyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line;

“ *Contaminato cum grege turpium*

“ *Morbo virorum.*” JOHNSON.

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592 : “ Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for that he loves, although for his sweete villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*.” STEEVENS.

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy, or elepbantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “ a peculiar maladie, and naturall to the Egyptians; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they fate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure,” *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI. c. i. REED.

⁷ *The brize upon her,—*] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

“ — a *brize*, a scorned little creature,

“ Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ — *being loof'd,*] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

I never

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I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night
Indeed. [aside.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony⁹, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither ;

⁹ *The wounded chance of Antony.*—] I know not whether the au-
thour, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might
not have written :

The wounded chase of Antony,

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer
avoid. *I will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased* and
wounded.—The common reading, however, may very well stand.

JOHNSON.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import
as *the broken fortunes of Antony*. The old reading is indisputably the true
one. So in the fifth Act :

“ Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirit,

“ Through the ashes of my *chance*.” MALONE.

I am

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I am so lated in the world¹, that I
Have lost my way for ever;—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself²: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command³,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and
IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

¹ —so lated in the world,—] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

“Now spurs the lated traveller apace.” STEEVENS.

² —let that be left

Which leaves itself:] Old Copy—let them, &c. Corrected by Mr.
Capell. MALONE.

³ —I've lost command,] I am not master of my own emotions.

JOHNSON.

Surely, he rather means,—I intreat you to leave me, because I have
lost all power to command your absence. STEEVENS.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 523

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer⁴; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended⁵: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry⁶, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo.

4 — *He, at Philippi, kept*

His sword even like a dancer;—] I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England: There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. sc. i:

“—our mother, unadvis'd,

“Gave you a dancing rapier by your side.” STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All's Well that Ends Well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

“Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

“Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

“But one to dance with.”

The word *worn* shews that in both passages our authour was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

5 — *and 'twas I,*

That the mad Brutus ended:] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*. WARBURTON.

6 — *be alone*

Dealt on lieutenantry,] *Dealt on lieutenantry*, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, on the strength of his lieutenants. So, in the countess of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

“—Cassius and Brutus ill betid,

“March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,

“But by my sole conduct; for all the time,

“Cæsar heart-sick with fear and fever lay.”

To *deal* on any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“You will *deal upon* men's wives no more.”

The

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Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord; the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unquality'd⁷ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort⁸ makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame⁹ out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, &c.* by Nashe, 1596:
“At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intently.”
Again, in *Othello*:

“Upon malicious bravery dost thou come,
To start my quiet.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“—are they that I would have thee *deal upon*.” STEEV.

In the life of Antony Shakspeare found the following passage:
“—they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by themselves;”—which fully explains that before us.

The subsequent words also—“and no practice had,” &c. shew that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase to *deal on* is likewise found in *Pierce Pennyleffe his supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592. “When dice, lust, and drunkenness, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go to for his penie, he sits melancholie in his chamber.” MALONE.

⁷ *He is unquality'd*—] I suppose she means, he is *unsoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage in *Othello*, in which Desdemona also expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service:

“—My heart's subdued

“Even to the very *quality* of my lord.” MALONE.

⁸ — *death will seize her*; but

Your comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*. JOHNSON.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification. If it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his usual practices, *make*. MALONE.

⁹ *How I convey my shame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Stroy'd*

'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings¹,
And thou should'st tow² me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy³ thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost⁴: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ —ty'd by the strings,] That is, by the heart-string. JOHNSON.
So, in the *Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the countesse of
Pembroke, 1595:

“ — as if his soule

“ Unto his ladies soule had been enchain'd,

“ He left his men,” STEEVENS.

² — should'st tow—] The old copy has—should'st stow me. This is
one of the many corruptions occasioned by the transcriber's ear deceiv-
ing him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ Thy full supremacy—] Old Copy—The full—. Corrected by Mr.
Theobald. MALONE.

⁴ — one of them rates

All that is won and lost:] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ When the battle's lost and won.” MALONE.

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS⁵, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster⁶:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea⁷.

Cæs.

⁵ — *Thyreus*,—] In the old copy always—*Tbidias*. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *his schoolmaster*:] The name of this person was *Euphronius*.

STEEVENS.

He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra. MALONE.

⁷ — *as petty to his ends*,

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea.] Thus the old copy. *To whose grand sea?* I know not. Perhaps we should read:

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance. TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the grand sea*.

I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his full tide of prosperity. So, in *the Two Noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher:

“ — though I know

“ His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they

“ Must yield their tribute here.”

There is a play-house tradition that the first act of this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Follet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: “ Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *maré magnum*. Pliny terms it, “ *immensa æquorum vastitas*.” I may add, that sir John Mandevile, p. 89, calls that part of the

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies⁸ for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*to Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal⁹: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

the Mediteranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "*the grete see.*"
The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. His grand
sea may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare
might have considered the sea as the source of dew as well as rain. His
is used instead of its. STEEVENS.

⁸ *The circle of the Ptolemies—*] The diadem; the ensign of royalty.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"All that impedes me from the golden round,

"Which fate and metaphysical aid

"Would have me crown'd withall." MALONE.

⁹ — *will perjure*

The ne'er-touch'd vestal:] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:—

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath." MALONE.

Thyr.

528 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw¹;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die².

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,

¹ — *how Antony becomes his flaw;*] That is, how Antony conforms
himself to this breach of his fortune. JOHNSON.

² *Think, and die.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ — all that he can do

“ Is to himself; *take thought, and die for Cæsar.*”

Mr. Tollett observes that the expression of *taking thought*, in our old English writers is equivalent to *the being anxious or solicitous, or laying a thing much to heart*. So, says he, it is used in our translations of the New Testament. Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: “ — *taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died.” In the margin thus: “ The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought*.” Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking*.” Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234: “ their mother died for *thought*.” STEEVENS.

We must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV. sc. vi. and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. “ His father lived in the tower where for thought of the young man his follie he died.” There is a passage almost exactly similar in the *Beggars Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. II. p. 423:

“ Can I not *think away* myself, and die?” TYRWHITT.

See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2. MALONE.

When

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 529

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question³: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to curse your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd⁴, sword against sword,

Ourselves

³ — be being

The mered question:—] *Mere* is a boundary; and the *mered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

Mered is, I suspect, a word of our authour's formation, from *mere*: he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. MALONE.

Question is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. i:

“ ——— the king

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.” STEEVENS,

⁴ — *big gay comparisons apart*,

And answer me declin'd,—] I require Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote,

— his *gay caparisons*.

530 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and AMB.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew^s
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.]

Let him "unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions, &c.* and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our authour and his contemporaries, for an ornamental dress. So, in *As you Like it*, Act III. sc. ii:

"— though I am *caparison'd* like a man,"—

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. ii.

"With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*."

The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth*:

"Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

"Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,

"Point against point, rebellious."

His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"— What the *declin'd* is,

"He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

"As feel in his own fall."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd." MALONE.

5 — *be stag'd to the shew*—] So Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:

"— as if he *stag'd*

"The wounded Priam." STEEVENS.

Eno.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 531

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square⁶. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools⁷, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar's⁸.

Cleo.

⁶ — to square.] i. e. to quarrel. See Vol. II. p. 459, n. 2.

MALONE.

⁷ *The loyalty, well held to fools, &c.*] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though loyalty, well held to fools, does make

Our faith meer folly. THEOBALD.

I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald; Dr. Warburton retains the old reading.

JOHNSON.

⁸ — Cæsar entreats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,

Further than he is Cæsar's.] It has been just said, that whatever Antony is, all his followers are; "that is, Cæsar's." Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæsar entreats her not to consider herself in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with Antony, who is Cæsar's: intimating to her, (according to the instructions he had received from Cæsar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony,

532 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not⁹ Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation

(see p. 527,) that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.

I suspect that the preceding speech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers usually keep the names of the persons who appear in each scene, ready composed; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus should presume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*) which suits Cleopatra, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens my conjecture. The words, *our master*, it may be said, are inconsistent with this supposition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus described Antony, with sufficient propriety.—They are afterwards explained: "Whose he is, *we* are." Antony was the master of her fate. MALONE.

⁹ — *that you embrace not*—] The authour probably wrote—*embrac'd*.

MALONE.

I kiss

I kiss his conqu'ring hand¹: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear²
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

¹ Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation,
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:] The poet certainly wrote,
Say to great Cæsar this; in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand

i. e. by proxy; I depute you to pay him that duty in my name. WARE.

I am not certain that this change is necessary.—*I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy;—I confess my inability to dispute or contend with him. To dispute may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*, "Dispute it like a man;" and *Macduff*, to whom this short speech is addressed, is disputing or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*:—"For though my soul disputes well with my sense,"—If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read—"by deputation." STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by deputation* is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. Thus a deputy says in the first scene of *King John*,

"Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

"In my behaviour, to his majesty,

"The borrow'd majesty of England here."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"Of all the favourites that the absent king

"In deputation left behind him here."

Supposing *disputation* to mean; as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controversy, but struggle for power, or the contention of adversaries, to say that one kisses the hand of another *in contention*, is surely a strange phrase: but to *kiss by proxy*, and to *marry by proxy*, was the language of Shakspeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being used in the sense required here. MALONE.

² Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath, &c.] *All-obeying* breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which *all* obey. Obeying for obeyed. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. MALONE.

In the *Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle active, with a passive signification:

"To furnish me upon my longing journey."

i. e. my journey long'd for.

In the *Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a strangling husband."

i. e. one that was to be strangled. STEEVENS.

534 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace³ to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in⁴,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man⁵, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods
and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss⁶, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack⁷, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,

³ —Give me grace—] Grant me the favour. JOHNSON.

⁴ —of taking kingdoms in,] See. p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

⁵ —the fullest man!—] The most complete, and perfect. So, in *Orbelsa*:
"What a full fortune doth the thick-lips owe."

See Vol. II. p. 248, n. 4. MALONE.

⁶ Like boys unto a muss,—] i. e. a scramble. POPE.

So used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:

" — nor are they thrown

" To make a muss among the gamefome suitors."

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" To see if thou be'st alcumy or no,

" They'll throw down gold in musses." STEEVENS.

⁷ —take hence this Jack,—] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

Since

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 535

Since she was Cleopatra⁸ ?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack * of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus;*
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders⁹ ?

Cleo.

⁸ Since she was Cleopatra ?] That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra.
So, when Ludovico says,

“Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?”

Othello replies,

“That's he that was Othello. Here I am.” MASON.

*—This Jack—] Old Copy—*The Jack*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

⁹ By one that looks on feeders ?] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNSON.

A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant. So in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: “Bar my door. Where are all my eaters? My mouths now? bar up my doors, my varlets.” One who looks on feeders, is one who throws her regard on servants, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

“—that base wretch,

“One bred of alma, and foster'd with cold dishes,

“The very scraps o' the court.” STEEVENS.

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage the true one. Neither of the quotations in my apprehension support Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as synonymous to a *servant*. So fantastick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonson, having in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous. In *Timon of Athens* this word occurs again:

“—So the gods blefs me,

“When all our offices have been oppress'd

“With riotous *feeders*,”—

There also Mr. Steevens supposes *feeders* to mean *servants*. But I do not see why “all our offices” may not mean all the apartments in Timon's house; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the excesses of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his master and his guests;) or, if *offices* can only mean such parts of a dwelling-house

536 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes;
In our own filth¹ drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously* pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
The horned herd²! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

house as are assign'd to servants, I do not conceive that, *beastly feeders* is there descriptive of those menial attendants who were thus fed, the word used by itself, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the passage before us, should necessarily signify a *servant*.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that a subsequent passage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given:

“To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes

“*With one that ties his points?*” MALONE.

—“*The wise gods feel our eyes;*

In our own filth, &c.] This punctuation was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Formerly:

—*feel our eyes*

In our own filth; drop, &c. MALONE.

—*luxuriously*—] i. e. lasciviously. See Vol. I. p. 302, n. 5; and Vol. II. p. 128, n. 4. MALONE.

² *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1. *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1. *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thee to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me⁴: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. *[Exit THYREUS.]*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points*?

3 — *thou say, &c.*] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch.
“Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly
whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar: and bad him tell him that
he made him angrie with him, because he shewed him self prowde and
disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be an-
gered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike
thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen
with thee: hang, if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we
may crie quittance.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *to quit me:—*] To repay me this insult; to requite me. JOHNS.

* — *with one that ties his points?*] i. e. with a menial attendant.
Points were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose were
fastened. MALONE.

Cleo.

538 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines⁵, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite⁶!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying⁷ of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfy'd.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet⁸, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle⁹;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd¹, hearted, breath'd,

⁵ — as it determines,—] As it comes to its end, or dissolution. The word is so used in legal conveyances, but I believe no poet but Shakespeare has employed it in this sense. See Vol. V. p. 403, n. 1. MALONE.

⁶ — the next Cæsarion smite!] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar STEEVENS.

⁷ By the discandying—] Old Copy—*discandering*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Discand* is used in the next act. MALONE.

⁸ — and fleet,] Fleet is the old word for float. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1958, 2399, 4883. TYRWHITT.

So, in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"This isle shall fleet upon the ocean."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 7:

"And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth fleet." STEEVENS.

⁹ I and my sword will earn our chronicle;] I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded. MALONE.

¹ I will be treble-finew'd,—] So, in *the Tempest*:

"——which to do,

"Trebles thee o'er."

Antony means to say, that he will be treble-hearted, and treble-breath'd, as well as treble-finew'd. MALONE.

And

And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky², men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night³: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their fears.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe⁴.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning⁵. To be furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

² *Were nice and lucky*,—] *Nice* is *trifling*. So, in *Roméo and Juliet*,
Act V. sc. ii:

“The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.”

See a note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

“My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,

“But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*.” MALONE.

³ — *gaudy night*:] This is still an epithet bestow'd on feast days in
the colleges of either university. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *The next time I do fight*,

I'll make death love me, for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.] This idea seems to have been
caught from the 12th book of Harrington's Translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591:

“Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,

“To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Now he'll outstare the lightning.*] Our authour in many of the
speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the follow-
ing passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: “He
[Antony] used a manner of phrase in his speech, called *Asiatick*, which
carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his
manners and life; for it was full of ostentation, scolisb braverie, and
vaine ambition.” MALONE.

A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
 Some way to leave him. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
 and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
 Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
 I have many other ways to die⁶; mean time,
 Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
 Make boot⁷ of his distraction: Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
 Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight:—Within our files there are

⁶ I have *many other ways to die*;] What a reply is this to Antony's
 challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal
 combat; but if we read,

He hath *many other ways to die*: mean time,

I *laugh at his challenge*.

in this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar.
 Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to
 fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find se-*
veral other ways to end his life. UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr.
 Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the
 modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of
 the old one. "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him:
 Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so."

FARMER.

⁷ *Make boot of* —] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

Of

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 541

Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and *Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all*⁸.

Ant. Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks⁹, which sorrow shoots
[*Aside.*]

Out of the mind.

⁸ — *Take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *one of those odd tricks,—*] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

Ant.

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Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow¹: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't²!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

¹ — or if,

A mangled shadow:] Or if you see me more, you will see me a
mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. JOHNSON.

The thought is, as usual, taken from sir Thomas North's translation
of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded
his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord,
that they should fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they
could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe soe much for me
to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it
maybe you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding,
perceiuing that his friends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so,
to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would
not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne
with victorie, than valiantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS.

² And the gods yield you for't 1] i. e. reward you. See a note on
Macbeth, Act I. sc. vi. and another on *As you like it*, Act V. sc. iv.

STEEVENS.

And

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 543

And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd³; for fhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where thofe drops fall⁴! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a fenfe:
For I fpake to you for your comfort; did defire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you.
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour⁵. Let's to fupper; come,
And drown confideration. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III,

The fame. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1. *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2. *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing ftrange about the ftreets?

1. *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1. *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3. *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4. *Sold.* Here we: *[They take their posts.]* and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will ftand up.

3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpofe.

[Mufick of hautboys under the ftage:]

³ —onion-ey'd;—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been
fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ I fee fomething like a peel'd onion;

“ It makes me weep again.” STEEVENS.

See p. 438, n. 4. MALONE.

⁴ Grace grow where thofe drops fall!] So in *K. Richard II*:

“ Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,

“ I'll fet a bank of rue, four herb of grace.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — death and honour.] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

4. *Sold.*

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4. *Sold.* Peace, what noise⁶?
 1. *Sold.* Lift, lift!
 2. *Sold.* Hark!
 1. *Sold.* Musick i' the air.
 3. *Sold.* Under the earth.
 4. *Sold.* It signs well⁷, does it not?
 3. *Sold.* No.
 1. *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
 2. *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
 Now leaves him.
 1. *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]
 2. *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now? how now? do you hear this?
 [*Several speaking together.*]
 1. *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?
 3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
 1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how it will give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and
Others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

⁶ *Peace, what noise?* So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, the selfe same night within litle of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that sodainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmony of sundrie sortes of instruments of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncinge and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the manner of the satyres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them." STEVENS.

⁷ *It signs well, &c.* i. e. it bodes well, &c. STEVENS.

Cleo.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 545

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on^s :—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too⁹.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir¹.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff it² for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

³ — thine iron—] I think it should be rather,

—mine iron. JOHNSON.

Thine iron is the iron which thou hast in thy hands, i. e. Antony's armour. So, in *K. Henry V.* Henry says to a soldier, "Give me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove; which the soldier at that moment had in his hat. MALONE.

⁹ *Nay, I'll help too, &c.*] These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

In the old copy the words stand thus. *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too, Antony. What's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for?" to Antony; but that they belong to Cleopatra appears clearly, I think, from the subsequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? says the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "false, false; *this, this*." This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you ask'd the use.

MALONE:

¹ *Briefly, sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. JOHNSON.

² *To doff it*] *To doff* is to *do off*, to put off. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 410, n. 9. MALONE.

VOL. VII.

N n

More

546 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

More tight³ at this, than thou; Dispatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1. *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim⁴,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2. *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth,
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way, well said,
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*kisses her.*]

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee—
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Chor. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleb. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight.

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

3 *More tight*—] *More expert, more adroit.* See Vol. I. p. 211, n. 9.

4 — *their rivetted trim.*] So, in *K. Henry K.*

"The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

"With busy hammers closing rivets up."

See Vol. V. p. 536, n. 5. MALONE.

5 *The morn is fair.*—*Good-morrow, general.*] This speech in the old
copy is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the speaker.
See p. 549. MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 547

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY, and EROS; a Soldier
meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once pre-
vail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the foldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp

Say, I am none of thine.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

• The gods make this a happy day to Antony! • 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, [as it is in the old copy] but to the foldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next two speeches, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the foldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "What say'st thou?" compared with what follows, shew that the speech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee," &c. belongs to the foldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Our will is, Antony be took alive;] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so that the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. *WARBURTON.*

the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in *King John*:

"Now these her princes are come home again,

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,

"And we shall shock them."

So Lilly in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "The island is in fashion three-corner'd," &c. *MALONE.*

Dr. Warburton says that the words—shall bear the olive freely, mean, that the olive shall spring up every where spontaneously without culture; but he mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean to produce, but to carry; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblems. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. *MASON.*

I doubt whether Mr. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to labour to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negotiation. *MALONE.*

Enter

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 549

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *[Exit CÆSAR and his Train.]*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure², with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you fared the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

² —*persuade*] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.
It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are:—"for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him; he *persuaded* him to turne to Cæsar." MALONE.

¹ *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, &c.*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little beate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." STEEVENS.

510 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most². O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart³:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought: but thought will do't, I feel⁴.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression⁵
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

² *And feel I am so most.* That is, and feel I am so, more than any
one else thinks it. MALONE.

³ — *This blows my heart:* All the latter editions have:

— *This blows my heart:*

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it
unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) swells my heart,
so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean.

JOHNSON.

So, in *AS V.*

— *Here under breast*

“There is a vent of blood, and something blown.” MALONE:

⁴ — *but thought will do't, I feel.* *Thought*, in this passage, as in

many others, signifies melancholy. See p. 323, n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ — *and our oppression* Our *oppression* means, the force by which we
are oppress'd or overpowered. MALONE.

Oppression for *opposition*. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Scar.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 551

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs;
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and
Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests⁶. — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hector's.
Enter the city, clip your wives⁷, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand; [To SCARUS.]

⁶ — Run one before,

And let the queen know of our guests.] Antony after his success in-
tends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to
be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

⁷ — clip your wives, —] To clip is to embrace. STEEVENS.

N m 4

Enter

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts;
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness⁹ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth¹. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's².

Ant. He has deserv'd it; were it carbuncled

Like

⁸ To this great fairy, &c.] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Mr. T. Hanmer explain by *Incantress*; comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

Fairy in former times did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an incanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion that it comprises the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful,) in the argument prefixed to his alteration of *Macbeth*, 4to 1674: "These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three *fainie* witches; (*weirds* the Scotch call them,)" &c. See also Vol. II p. 177, n. 9. MALONE.

⁹ — proof of harness, —] i. e. armour of proof. Harnois, French *Arnese*, Ital. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 429, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ Get goal for goal of youth.] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to win a *goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity. JOHNSON.

² — It was a king's.] So, in Mr. T. North's translation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victo-

Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them³;
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁴;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1. Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard⁵: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3. Sold. What man is this?

2. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

ry, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." STEEVENS.

³ *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:* i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. WARBURTON.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them? JOHNSON.

⁴ — *tabourines*;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the court of guard*;] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The expression occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

3. Sold.

554 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

1. *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3. *Sold.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,

The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder;

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[*dies*]

2. *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1. *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3. *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2. *Sold.* Go we to him.

3. *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2. *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1. *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him? Hark;

the drums [Drums afar off.]

Demurely⁶ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour

Is fully out.

3. *Sold.* Come on then; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

⁶ *Throw my heart*] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare in most of his conceits is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus Daniel, in his 13th Sonnet, 1594, somewhat indeed less harshly, says,

"Still must I whet my young desires abated,

"Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling." MALONE.

⁷ *The hand of death hath raught him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach. STEPHENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 156, n. 5. MALONE.

⁸ — *the drums demurely*—] *Demurely* for solemnly. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the air, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven⁹: Let's seek a spot,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall²; for his best force

Is

⁹ *They have put forth the haven: &c.*] For the insertion of the subsequent words in this line I am answerable. The defect of the metre in the old copy shews that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitered. The *haven* itself was not such a place; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entr'y, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I see, says he, they have not yet joined; but I'll now choose a more convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all." A preceding passage in Act. III. sc. vi. adds such support to the emendation now made, that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text:

Set we our battles on yon side of the bill,

"In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place

"We may the number of the ships behold,

"And so proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe supplied the omission by the words—*Further on*; and the four subsequent editors adopted his emendation. MAYONE.

¹ *Whereas their appointment we may best discover, &c.*] i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions; WARBURTON.

² *But being charg'd, we will be still by land,*

Which, as I take it, we shall;] i. e. unless we be charged, we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. WARB. ¹ So, in Chaucer's *Perceval Tale*, late edit. "Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, but he be stronger than Samp-

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Is forth to man his gallies. To the yales,
And hold our best advantage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond' pine does
stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers³
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore⁴! 'tis thou
Hast
son, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the
Saxon *Butan*. Thus, *butan leas*: *abſque falſo*, without a lye. Again,
in the *Vintner's Play* in the *Cheſter collection*. *Brit. Muſ. MS. Harl.*
2013. p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature, but I thee kill,

"I grieve my God, and that ſull ill."

See alſo Ray's *North Country Words*. STEEVENS.

³ — *the augurers*.] The old copy has — *auguriers*. This leads us to
what ſeems moſt likely to be the true reading — *augurers*, which word
is uſed in the laſt act:

"You are too ſure an *augurer*."

For the emendation the preſent editor is reſponſible. MALONE.

⁴ Triple-turn'd *whore*!] Cleopatra was firſt the miſtreſs of Julius
Cæſar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this,
I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former ſcene:

"I found you as a morſel, cold upon

"Dead Cæſar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment

"Of Cneius Pompey's."

Mr. Maſon ſuggeſts a different interpretation. "She firſt (ſays he),
belonged to Julius Cæſar, then to Antony, and now, as he ſuppoſes, to

Augustus

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 557

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [Exit SCAR,
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels¹, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm⁶,—

Whose

Augustus. It is not likely (he adds,) that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence.

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connexion with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted. 2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had "sold him to the novice."

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey the Great; but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey. MALONE.

⁵ That spaniel'd me at heels,] Old Copy—*spannel'd*: The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel*. Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *cheer*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare; and in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. sc. ii. Helena says to Demetrius:

"I am your *spaniel*,—only give me leave,

"Unworthy as I am, to follow you," TOLLET.

Spannel for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our authour has in like manner used the substantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens*:

"—Will these moist trees

"That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels*," &c.

In *K. Richard III.* we have—

"Death and destruction *dog thee at the heels*," MALONE.

⁶ — *this grave charm*,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this grave charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits,

has

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.⁹ —
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter

has been through all the modern editions changed to *this gay charm*.
 By *this grave charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty*.

JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive* piece of
witchcraft. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman
 in his translation of *Homer*. So, in the 19th book:

— but not far hence the fatal minutes are

“Of thy grave ruin.”

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS:

7 — *was my crownet, my chief end*, —] Dr. Johnson supposes that
crownet means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman,
 in his translation of the second book of *Homer*, uses *crown* in the sense
 which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

— all things have their *crown*.

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline*:

“My supreme *crown* of grief.” STEEVENS.

⁸ Like a right gipsy, *batb*, at fast and loose,

Beguil'd me, &c.] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising
 from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-
 books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill
 in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to
 signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A
 leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed
 edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle
 of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think
 he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with
 whom he plays may take hold of both ends and draw it away. This
 trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at*
the belt or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time
 of Shakspeare. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirm'd by the following Epigram
 in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by T. Freeman, 1614;

In Egyptum suspensum. Epig. 95.

“Charles the *Egyptian*, who by juggling could

“Make *fast* or *loose*, or whatsoever he would;

“Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,

“Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:

“The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,

“Who knit what he could not unknit againe.

“You

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving.

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee.

And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians;

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot:

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn

For poor'st diminutives, for doits¹; and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails.² [Exit CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt

gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere

'Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death

Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—

"You countrymen Egyptians make such sots,

"Seeming to loose indissoluble knots,

"Had you been there, but to see the cast,

"You would have won, had you but laid—'tis fast." STEEV.

That the Egyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. REED.

9—to the very heart of loss.] To the utmost loss possible. JOHNSON.

¹ For poor'st diminutives, for doits;] The old copy has—*doits*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have received it, because the letter *i*, in consequence of the dot over it, is sometimes confounded with *l* at the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—For poor'st diminutives to doits. "This (says he) aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation, to be shewn, as *monsters* are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators." It appears to me, however, much more probable that *doits* should have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shewn to the stupid and the vulgar for poor'st diminutives, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace for nothing. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited gratis, as monsters are shewn for small pieces of money; because his words are "monster-like," be [thou] shewn for poor'st diminutives, &c. I have sometimes therefore thought that Shakspeare might have written,

'Fore poor'st diminutives, 'fore doits.

In this conjecture however I have very little confidence. MALONE.

² With her prepared nails.—] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. WARBURTON.

The

The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas³ on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield⁴; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so emboss'd⁵.

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.*

Cleo. To the monument;—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
 And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-
 ment. [Exit.

³ *Let me lodge Lichas—*] The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. JOHNSON.
 Hercules threw Lichas from the top of mount Ætna into the sea.

MALONE.
 This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says, Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. WARBURTON.

⁴ *Than Telamon for his shield;—*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Was never so emboss'd.*] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboft*. HANMER.
 See Vol. III. p. 246, n. 2. MALONE.

* *The soul and body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.*] So, in *King Henry VIII.*
 "— it is a sufferance, panging

"As soul and body's severing." MALONE.

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish⁶;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants⁷.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,

⁶ Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish, &c.] So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ἦδη ποτ' ἀναβέβας εἶδες νύφελιν καὶ ταύρων ὁμοίαν;

"Ἢ παρδαλεῖ, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ; Sir W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ii. c. 3: "—our eyesight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a beare, the figure of a bull in this part, &c." or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Like to a mass of clouds, that now seem like

"An elephant, and straightways like an ox,

"And then a mouse," &c. STEEVENS.

I find the same thought in Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"—like empty clouds,

"In which our faulty apprehensions forge

"The forms of dragons, lions, elephants,

"When they hold no proportion."

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare had the following passage in *A Treatise of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts: "The cloudes sometimes will seem to be monsters, lions, bulls, and wolves; painted and figured: albeit in truth the same be nothing but a moist humour mounted in the ayre, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the ayre is able to give unto it."

MALONE.

⁷ They are black vesper's pageants.] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shewes in Shakspeare's age. T. WARTON.

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The rack dissimms⁸; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*⁹, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph¹.—
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

⁸ *The rack dissimms;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. STEEVENS.

⁹ *My good knave, Eros,*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A Mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

“ I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,

“ For he shall be thy *knave*.” STEEVENS.

¹ *Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory*

Unto an enemy's triumph.] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing fort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very just; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his authour meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra by collusion play'd the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy.—The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words,) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591:
“ S. What a shuffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I plaie fair playe, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and set them.” MALONE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
And that she has discharg'd : What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—

[*Exit MARDIAN.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart². O, cleave, my sides !
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent³,
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther : Now all labour
Marrs what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done⁴.—

Eros !

² The battery from my heart.] I would read:

This battery from my heart. JOHNSON.

³ — thy continent,] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in another of our author's plays: "You shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see." STEEVENS.

⁴ Seal then, and all is done.—] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract ; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke.

WARBURTON.

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Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops⁵,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she⁶, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

I am

I believe the reading is:

—feel then, and all is done.

To *feel bows*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be: Close
thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. JOHNSON.

In a former scene we have:

“—The wife gods *feel* our eyes

“In our own filth.” MALONE.

⁵ *Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,*] Dr. Warburton has justly
observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas
were not likely to be found thus lovingly associated, “where souls do
couch on flowers.” He undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil,
but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the sixth book:

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tuentem

Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.

Ille solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat:—

Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit

In nemus umbriferum.—MALONE.

⁶ —condemn myself, to lack

The courage of a woman, less noble mind

Than she,] Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute of
even the courage of a woman; that he is *destitute* of a *less* noble mind
than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary;—that
he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore
formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:

—condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman; less noble-minded

Than she, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shewn me
that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour
to amend. For these the poet, not his editor, must answer.—We have
the same inaccurate phraseology in the *Winter's Tale*:

“—I

I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms¹, bending down

" — I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of these bolder vices wanted
" Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
" Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Macbeth*:
" Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
" It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
" To kill their gracious father?"

Again, in *K. Lear*, Act II, sc. iv.
" — I have hope,
" You *less* know how to value her desert,
" Than she to scant her duty."

See Vol. IV. p. 138, n. 9; p. 173, n. 6, and p. 379, n. 8.

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch which Shakspeare has here copied, shews that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt:
" When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede condemned to be judged of *lesse corage and noble minde* than a woman."—Instead of "to be judged of less," which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with "*less noble mind*." MALONE.

¹ — *pleach'd arms*,—] Arms folded in each other, JOHNSON.

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, published in 1594:

" Now shalt thou march, (thy hands fast bound behind thee,)
" Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,
" Before the victor; while thy rebel son
" With crowned front triumphing follows thee." STEEVENS.

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His corrigible neck⁸, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued⁹?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd,
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free¹, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world² lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [turning from him,

Eros. My sword is drawn.

⁸ His corrigible neck,—] Corrigible for corrected, and afterwards penetrative for penetrating. So Virgil has "penetrabile frigus" for "penetrans frigus," in his Georgicks. STEEVENS.

⁹ His baseness that ensued?] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

¹ When I did make thee free, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sword, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to shew me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntill at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alieue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither; and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

² — the worship of the whole world—] The worship, is the dignity, the authority. JOHNSON.

Ant.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*falls on his sword.*] Thus I
do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed³. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [*falling on his sword.*]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—how⁴!—O, dispatch me.

Enter DERCEBAS, and Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

³ — But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed.] Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles
Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that "having put off
his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, rather like a bridegroom
than a prisoner appointed for death, he prayed very devoutly." MALONE.
This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure*

" — If I must die,

" I will encounter darkness like a bride,

" And hug it in mine arms." STEEVENS.

⁴ The guard! how!] I suspect the poet wrote:

The guard, *ho!* O, dispatch me!

So, afterwards:

" What *ho!* the emperor's guard!"

In the last scene of the third act, he has said,

" Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho*,

" Like boys unto a muf, kings would start forth,

" And cry, *your will?*"

The same mistake has happened in *the Merchant of Venice*. See
Vol. III. p. 96, n. 6. MALONE.

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Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. *Guard.* Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard,*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she fend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Cæsar's, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

^s *She had dispos'd with Cæsar,*] To dispose, in this instance, perhaps
signifies to make terms, to settle matters. STEEVENS.

Dio.

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Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, fir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out,

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Iras,

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling⁶ stand
The

⁶ —darkling—] i. e. without light. So, in the *Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

“—my mother hath a torch, your wife

“Goes darkling up and down,” STEEVENS.

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The varying shore o'the world? !—O Antony!
 Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help;
 Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
 Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
 I here impòrtune death^s a while, until
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last
 I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
 (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
 Left I be taken⁹: not the imperious shew

Of

⁷ O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand

The varying shore o' th' world!—] She desires the sun to burn his
 own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNSON.

The varying shore o' th' world! i. e. of the earth, where light and
 darkness make an incessant variation. WARBURTON.

According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle
 to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was
 whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was
 fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to con-
 sume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must
 drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth
 would be involved in endless night. HEATH.

⁸ *I here impòrtune death—*] *I solicit death to delay; or, trouble death*
 by keeping him in waiting. JOHNSON.

⁹ *I dare not, dear,*

(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not,*

Left I be taken;] Antony has just said that he only solicits death to
 delay his end, till he has given her a farewell kiss. To this she replies
 that *she dares not*; and, in our authour's licentious diction, she may
 mean, that *she*, now above in the monument, does not dare to descend
 that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in
 the second line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by
 the compositor, and that the poet wrote:

I dare not, dear,

(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not descend,*

Left I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, by adding to the end of
 Antony's speech—*Come down.* His note has been preserved in the late
 editions,

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar¹ ever shall
Be brooch'd with me²; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation³, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion⁴, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed⁵!—How heavy weighs my
lord!

editions, but, his emendation not being mentioned, it is perfectly unintelligible. MALONE.

¹ *Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar—*] So, in *Othello*:

“What a full-fortune doth the thick-lips owe?” MALONE.

² *Be brooch'd with me.*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. “So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, “Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times.” The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Flodden Field*, that *brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped.

STEEVENS.

Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present. PERCY.

Our authour in *All's well that ends well* speaks of the *brooch* and the *toothpick*, as at one time constantly worn by those who affected elegance.

MALONE.

³ — *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*

Edge, sting, or operation,] Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*; and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, A& III. sc. ii. TOLLET.

This thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

“Unty'd I still my virgin knot will keepe.” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *still conclusion,*] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Here's sport, indeed!*] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather, here's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Antony! Or perhaps she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion of which we have been already told she was fond. Shakspeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places.

MALONE.

Our

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Our strength is all gone into heaviness⁶,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd⁷:
Quicken with kissing⁸; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little⁹.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune¹ break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end²,

Lament

6 — into heaviness,] Heaviness is here used equivocally for sorrow and weight. MALONE.

7 — where thou hast liv'd:] Old Copy—*when* thou, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ *Quicken with kissing;*] That is, *Revive by my kiss.* JOHNSON.
So in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637:

“And quickens most where he would most destroy.” STEEV.

⁹ *Give me some wine, &c.*] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says,—“Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke, he earnestly prayed her, and perswaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *housewife Fortune, &c.*] This despicable line has occurred before. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, p. 126, n. 6. “Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,” &c. MALONE.

² *The miserable change, &c.*] This speech stands thus in Sir Thomas North's

Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
 In feeding them with those my former fortunes
 Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
 The noblest: and do now not basely die,
 Not cowardly put off my helmet to
 My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more.

[dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole³ is fallen; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon⁴.

[She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt! empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

North's translation of Plutarch.—“As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly; a Roman, by another Roman.” STEEVENS.

³ *The soldier's pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *the odds is gone,*

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — from this instant

“ There's nothing serious in mortality;

“ All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;

“ The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees

“ Is left this vault to brag on.” MALONE.

Cleo.

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Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman⁵; and commanded
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares⁶.—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is fottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take heart:—

[to the guard below.

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt*; those above bearing off Antony's body.

⁵ *No more, but e'en a woman*;] *Irás* has just said,—Royal Egypt, *Empress*! *Cleopatra* completes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by *Charmian*,)—*Empress* “no more; but e'en a woman,” now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, p. 329, *Cassius* says,

“No, it is *Casca*; one incorporate

“To our attempts. *Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?*”

to which *Cinna* replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [Am I not stay'd for?]:

“I am glad on't.”

i. e. I am glad that *Casca* is incorporate to our attempts. See also p. 188, n. 4.

The old copy reads—but in a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. See Vol. III. p. 373, n. 9. MALONE.

Peace, peace, Irás, is said by *Charmian*, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. JOHNSON.

⁶ — the meanest chares.] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: “She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry chares.”

Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

“Well, I must trudge to do a certain chare.” STEEVENS.

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS⁷
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes⁸.

Dol.

⁷ *Mecænas,*] In the old copy *Menas*.—*Mec.* however is prefixed to the speeches allotted to this person through the scene. The correction in the present stage-direction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁸ *Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by*

The pauses that he makes.] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakpeare's time. So, in the *Tempest*:

“ — and the sea mocks

“ *Our frustrate search by land.*”

So *consummate* for *consummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c. &c.

The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre shews that somewhat was omitted, and the passage by the omission was rendered unintelligible.

When in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drown'd in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause*?

In *Measure for Measure* the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been supplied:

“ How I may formally in person bear [me]

“ Like a true friar.”

and similar omissions have happened in many other plays. See Vol. VI. p. 507. n. 3.

In further support of the emendation now made, it may be observed, that the word *mock*, of which our authour makes frequent use, is almost always employed as I suppose it to have been used here. Thus, in *K. Lear*: “Pray do not mock me.” Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ You do blaspheme the good in *mocking me*.”

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

“ You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,

“ And *mock us with* our bareness.”

Again, in the play before us:

“ — that nod unto the world,

“ And *mock our eyes with* air.”

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens in the following note is a just interpretation of the text as *now regulated*; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. MALONE.

He

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Dol. Cæsar, I shall^o. [Exit DOLABELLA.]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets¹,

And

He mocks the pauses that he makes. i. e. he plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be.—being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses,* may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses;* i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Cæsar, I shall.*] The exit of Dolabella is not marked here in the old copy, but Mr. Theobald justly observes, that he must be supposed to have gone immediately to execute Cæsar's commands; who afterwards, when he asks for him, recollects that he sent him on business. The subsequent speeches therefore in this scene, which are given to Dolabella in the folio, have been transferred to Agrippa. MALONE.

¹ — *The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, &c.*] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook,* and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into streets, and citizens into dens. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we should read—*The ruin'd world,* i. e. the general eruption of elements should have shook, &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe when all distinctions shall be lost. To shake any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743—*“God's providence shaking men out of their shifts of supposed safetie, &c.”*

Perhaps

And citizens to their dens :—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings ².

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him ³.

Agr.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost*. Perhaps the passage originally stood thus :

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook ;
Thrown hungry lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *shook* in my note, and the same word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were omitted by the compositor, in the original proof sheet. MALONE.

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook*, (more properly *spoken*,) as the participle past of a verb active. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus :

—The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into their dens. TYRWHITT.

² — but it is tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me*, if this be not *tidings to make kings weep*. But, again, for if not. JOHNSON.

³ *Waged equal with him.*] It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Orbello* it occurs again :

“ To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

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Ag. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do launce
Diseases in our bodies⁴: I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this⁵.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress⁶,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. STEEVENS.

⁴ —But we do launce

Diseases in our bodies:] When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet: and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launce, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *launce*. See Minshew's *Dict.* in v. MALONE.

⁵ *Our equalness to this.*] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. JOHNS.

⁶ *A poor Egyptian yet; the queen my mistress, &c.*] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Egyptian*, that is, *yet a servant of the queen of Egypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. JOHNSON.

Of

Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we ⁷
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle ⁸.

Mes. So the gods preserve thee ! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius ; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph ⁹ : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? [Exit GALLUS.

Agr. Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see

⁷ *How honourable and how kind'y we—*] Our authour often uses adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable*.”

See also Vol. V. p. 234, n. 3. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

⁸ — *for Cæsar cannot live*

To be ungentle.] The old copy has—*leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

⁹ — *her life in Rome*

Would be eternal in our triumph :] Hagmer reads judiciously enough, but without necessity :

Would be eternalling our triumph.

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her in triumph to Rome, her memory and my glory will be eternal.* JOHNSON.

The following passage in the *Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading :

“ If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,

“ For her to hide herself eternal in.” STEEVENS.

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How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS*¹.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar ;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave²,
A minister of her will ; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds³ ;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;

¹ *Enter Cleopatra, &c.*] Our authour here (as in *K. Henry VIII.* p. 122, n. 7.) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside on a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way or the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument. MALONE.

² — *fortune's knave,*] The servant of fortune. JOHNSON.

³ — *And it is great*

To do that thing that ends all other deeds, &c.] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,

The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON.

It has been already said in this play, that

“ — our dungy earth alike

“ Feeds man as beast.” —

and Mr. Tollet observes, “ that in *Herodotus*, book iii. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life.” Shakspeare has the same epithet in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ — the face to sweeten

“ Of the whole dungy earth.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — the earth's a thief,

“ That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

“ From general excrement.” STEEVENS.

Which

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GAL-
LUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness⁴,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got⁵. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd

⁴ — *that will pray in aid for kindness,*] *Praying in aid* is a term
used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help
from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HAMMER.

⁵ — *send him*

The greatness he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own
his superiority with complete submission. JOHNSON.

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Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd⁶;

[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and having descended, came behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the guard unbar and open the gates⁷.

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[to Proculeius and the guard. Exit Gallus.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char.

⁶ Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

Guard her till Cæsar come.] To this speech, as well as the preceding, Pro. [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the following note that this was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cæsar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæsar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's first speech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 584:

"Proculeius,

"What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be presumed, Cæsar obtained from Gallus.

The stage-direction being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no exit is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæsar, it was undoubtedly the authour's intention that he should here go out. In the modern editions this as well as the preceding speech is given to Proculeius, though the error in the old copy clearly shews that two speakers were intended. MALONE.

⁷ In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some cranes through the which her voyce might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius answered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk, whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high windowe by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men bard by the gate, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proculeius by chaunce, as he came downe, and shreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*seizes and disarms her.*]
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish⁸?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars⁹!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither¹: This mortal house I'll ruin,

Do

stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie openlie to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her." MALONE.

⁸ — of languish? So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii:

"One desperate grief cure with another's languish." STEEV.

⁹ Worth many babes and beggars! Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars. JOHNSON.

¹ If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll not sleep neither:] I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither. In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. JOHNSON.

Once may mean sometimes. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *K. Hen. VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this. If idle talking be sometimes

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Do Cæsar what he can. Know, fir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlety
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet²,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
The thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*to CLEO.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

times necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not sleep for fear
of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary to talk of
performing impossibilities, why, I'll not sleep neither. STEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so
little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has
been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to ob-
serve an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the words *I'll*,
and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line be-
neath, all that intervened was lost. See p. 508, n. 7, and p. 577, n. 1.

The words *I'll not sleep neither*, contain a new and distinct menace.
I once thought that Shakespeare might have written—I'll not *speak* nei-
ther; but in p. 492, Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, "feed, and
sleep;" which shews that *sleep* in the passage before us is the true reading.

MALONE.

² *My country's bigb pyramides my gibbet,*] See p. 492, n. 7. MALONE:

Dol.

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Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth³.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean⁴: his rear'd arm
Crested the world⁵: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends⁶;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,

³ *The little O, the earth.*] These words appearing in the old copy thus,—The little o *th'* earth, Theobald conjectured with some probability that Shakspeare wrote—

The little O *o'the* earth.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well stand.

Shakspeare frequently uses O for an orb or circle. So in *K. Hen. V.*

“ — can we cram

“ Within this wooden O the very casques, &c.

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ Than all you fiery *oes*, and eyes of light.” MALONE.

⁴ *His legs bestrid the ocean, &c.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

“ Like a Colossus.” MALONE.

— *his rear'd arm*

⁵ *Crested the world.*] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.

PERCY.

⁶ — and *that to friends*;) Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

— when *that to friends*. STEEVENS.

That

That grew the more by reaping⁷: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates⁸ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

⁷ — For his bounty,

There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,

That grew the more by reaping:] The old copy has—an *Antony* it was. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. The following lines in Shakspeare's 53d Sonnet add support to the emendation:

"Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,

"The one doth shadow of your bounty shew;

"The other as your bounty doth appear,

"And you in every blessed shape we know."

By the other in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means autumn, the season of plenty.

Again, in the *Tempest*:

"How does my bounteous sister [*Ceres*]? MALONE.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the following beautiful passage from B. Jonson's *New Inn*, on the subject of liberality.

"He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;

"Then shew'd his bounties on me, like the hours

"That open-handed sit upon the clouds,

"And press the liberality of heaven

"Down to the laps of thankful men." STEEVENS.

⁸ *As plates*—] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 plates?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gule*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or* or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent* or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver, without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.—So, Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. II. C.VII. St. 5:

"Some others were new driven, and distant

"Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;

"Some in round plates withouten moniment,

"But most were stamp'd, and in their metal bare,

"The antique shapes of kings and kesar, straung and rare."

WHALLEY.

But,

But, if there be, or ever were one such⁹,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms¹ with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite*.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots²
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEO, kneels.]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

⁹ — or ever were one such,] The old copy has—*nor* ever, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

¹ To vie strange forms—] To *vie* was a term at cards. See the *Taming of the Shrew*, p. 290, n. 8. STEEVENS.

*—yet to imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece gainst fancy,

Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep. JOHNSON.

² — shoots—] The old copy reads—*juites*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error arose from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See Vol. II. p. 362, n. 8. MALONE.

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Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well ³
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra ⁴.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;

³ *I cannot project mine own cause so well—*] To *project* a cause is to represent a cause ; to *project* it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence. JOHNSON.

In *Much ado about Nothing*, we find these lines :

“ —She cannot love,

“ Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,

“ She is so self-endear'd.”

I cannot *project*, &c. means therefore, I cannot shape or form my cause, &c. MALONE.

Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says :
“ I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse.”

⁴ *You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.*] You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards :

“ For we intend so to dispose you, as

“ Yourself shall give us counsel.” MALONE.

Not petty things admitted⁵.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather feel my lips⁶, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-lefs villain, dog!
O rarely base⁷!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this⁸;
That

⁵ — 'tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted.] i. e. petty things not being included. Because Cleopatra in the next speech says that she has reserved nothing to herself, (still tacitly excepting *petty things*,) Mr. Theobald very unnecessarily reads—*omitted*. "This declaration, (says he,) lays open her falshood, and makes her angry when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie." MALONE.

She is angry afterwards that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *feel my lips*—] Sew up my mouth. JOHNSON.

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term. STEEVENS.

⁷ *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. STEEVENS.

⁸ *O Cæsar*, This speech of Cleopatra is taken from sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows. "O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour,

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That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek⁹, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces¹ by
 Addition of his envy²! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends³ withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [To Sel.
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance⁴:—Wert thou a man,
 Thou

nour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. STEEVENS.

⁹ *To one so meek,*—] *Meek*, I suppose, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch:—"poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate—." Cleopatra in any other sense was not eminent for *meekness*. MALONE.

¹ *Parcel the sum of my disgraces*—] *To parcel her disgraces*, might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

² *—of his envy.*] *Envy* is here, as almost always in these plays, *malice*.—See p. 47, n. 2, and p. 70, n. 5. MALONE.

³ *—modern friends*—] Common, ordinary acquaintance. See Vol. III. p. 163, n. 5; p. 396, n. 2; and p. 472, n. 9. MALONE.

⁴ *Through the ashes of my chance*:—] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, *Begone*, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecillity of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*. WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—"the wounded *chance* of Antony."
 MALONE.

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance:—] Thus Chaucer in his *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 3180:

"Yet in our *aspen* cold is fire yreken."

And thus (as the learned editor of the *Can. Tales* has observed). Mr. Gray, in his *Church-yard Elegy*:

"Even

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Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied⁵.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons⁶: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) sonnet of Petrarch, as his original:

"*Cb'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,*

"*Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi*

"*Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.*" Edit. 1564. p. 271.

STEEVENS.

Again, in our authour's 73d Sonnet:

"In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,

"That on the ashes of his youth doth lie." MALONE.

⁵ *Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought*

For things that others do; and when we fall,

We answer others' merits in our name,

Are therefore to be pitied.] We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and, when we fall, those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. JOHNSON.

As demerits was often used in Shakspeare's time as synonymous to merit, so merit might have been used in the sense which we now affix to demerit; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for acts, with which others rather than we, deserve to be charged. MALONE.

⁶ *Make not your thoughts your prisons:]* I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

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Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so : Adieu. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*whispers* Charmian.]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise,

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit Dola.*] Now, Iras,
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy liſtors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald rhimers

Ballad

Ballad us out o' tune⁷: the quick comedians⁸
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness⁹
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents¹.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—

⁷ —and scald rhimers

Ballad us out o' tune:] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ —thou—

“ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,

“ And sung by children in succeeding times.” MALONE.

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth.

JOHNSON.

⁸ —the quick comedians—] The lively, inventive, quick-witted comedians. So, “(ut meos quoque attingam,)” in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe description of Ireland, made in this year, 1589*, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589: “They are quick-witted, and of good constitution of bodie.” See p. 434, n. 7; and Vol. II. p. 349, n. 2. MALONE.

⁹ —boy my greatness—] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

“To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

STEEVENS.

¹ Their most absurd intents.—] Mr. Theobald reads,—Their most assur'd intents. Cleopatra, he says, “could not think Cæsar's intent of carrying her in triumph absurd, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament.” MALONE.

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared absurd enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. JOHNSON.

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Qq

Now,

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Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit Iras. A noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here's a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine².

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus³ there,

That

² — now the fleeting moon

[No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Egyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not even the changes of disposition peculiar to the sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon; or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *Richard III*:—"I being govern'd by the watry moon, &c." Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconstant. So in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1617:—"to shew the world she was not *fleeting*." STEEVENS.

Our authour wil' himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

³ — the pretty worm of Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and

That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do⁴: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind⁵.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but

and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“Those coals the Roman Porcia did devour,

“Are not burnt out, nor have th' Egyptian worms

“Yet lost their stings.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the old version of the *New Testament*, Acts, xxviii. “Now when the barbarians saw the worms hang on his hand, &c.” TOLLET.

See Vol. VI. p. 190, n. 9. MALONE.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. PERCY.

⁴ But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do:] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and all and half change places. WARBURTON.

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. STEEVENS.

⁵ — will do his kind.] The serpent will act according to his nature.

JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamour*, no date:

“He dyd full gentylly his kinde.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“For tickle Fortune doth, in changing, but her kind.” MALONE:

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in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[Exit.

Re-enter IRAS, with robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare⁶, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life⁷.—So,—have you done?

⁶ *Yare, yare,*—] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. So in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:

“ Ryght soone he made him yare.” STEEVENS.

A preceding passage precisely ascertains the meaning of the word:

“ — to proclaim it civilly, were like

“ A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

“ For being yare about him.”

See also p. 575, n. 5. MALONE.

⁷ *I am fire and air; my other elements*

I give to baser life.] So, in *K. Henry V.* “ He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him.” “ Do not our lives, (says Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) consist of the *four* elements?” MALONE.

Come

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips *? Dost fall⁸?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her⁹; and spend that kifs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*to the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
Unpolicy'd¹!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo, As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*applying another asp to her arm.*]

* *Have I the aspick in my lips?* Are my lips poison'd by the aspick,
that my kifs has destroyed thee? MALONE.

⁸ — *Dost fall?* Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her
arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she
should fall so soon. STEEVENS.

⁹ *He'll make demand of her;* He will enquire of her concerning me,
and kifs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

¹ — *as*

Unpolicy'd!] i. e. an asp without more policy than to leave the means
of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest
decoration. STEEVENS.

What

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What should I stay— [falls on a bed, and dies.]

Char. In this wild world²?—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies

A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close³;

And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry⁴;

I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1. Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's be-
guil'd.

2. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1. Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings⁵.

Ah

² In this wild world? Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a desert to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *wild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless.

STEEVENS.

³ — Downy windows, close;] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth.” MALONE.

⁴ — Your crown's awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—*Your crown's away*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The authour has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch. “—They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head.” MALONE.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:

“ And senseless, in her sinking down, she wryes

“ The diadem which on her head she wore;

“ Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espies,

“ And hastes to right it as it was before;

“ For Iras now was dead.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Descended of so many royal kings.] Almost these very words are found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the

Ah, soldier!

[dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, fir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1. Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

'There is a vent of blood, and something blown⁶:

The

the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. STEEVENS.

⁶—*something blown*:] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swollen*. JOHNS.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Beuys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

“That with venom upon him throwen,

“The knight lay then to-blown.” STEEVENS.

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The like is on her arm.

1. *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her phyfician tells me,
She hath purfu'd conclufions infinite⁷
Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument: —
She fhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth fhall clip in it
A pair fo famous. High events as thefe
Strike thofe that make them: and their ftory is
No lefs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army fhall,
In folemn fhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, fee
High order in this great folemnity⁸.

[*Exeunt.*]

So before:

“ — and let the water-flies

“ *Blow* me into abhorring.” MALONE.

⁷ *She hath purfu'd conclufions infinite*—] i. e. numberlefs experiments.
So, in the *Spanifh Gypfey*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ — and to try that *conclufion*,

“ To fee if thou be'ft alchumy or no,

“ They'll throw down gold in mufles.” MALONE.

⁸ This play keeps curiofity always bufy, and the paffions always interefted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick fucceffion of one perfonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiffion from the firft act to the laft. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the fcene; for, except the feminine arts, fome of which are too low, which diftinguifh Cleopatra, no character is very ftrongly difcriminated. Upton, who did not eafily mifs what he defired to find, has difcovered that the language of Antony is, with great fkill and learning, made pompous and fuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diftinguifhable from that of others: the moft tumid fpeech in the play is that which Cæfar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are defcribed according to hiftory, are produced without any art of connexion or care of difpofition.



THE END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.